

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

*The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow*

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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## ALL THE NEW DEALS IN ONE

The Free Labour of Half a Million  
Men For Developing the Country

### C.N. PLAN TO SOLVE THE NATION'S GREAT PROBLEM

New Deals are the order of the day. Mr Lloyd George has left his farm to tour the country with one. He would carry out the policy the C.N. has been urging for years, the policy of paying our idle men for doing something instead of paying them for doing nothing.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer tells us that the Government is ready to receive ideas from anyone, and the C.N. therefore presents the Government with a plan for a New Deal which calls for no great revolution, but could be working in three months. It calls for no vast expenditure and we believe it would pay its way. It is as simple as English common sense and we believe that it would rally all parties.

#### Labour Thrown Away

Our Plan is simply that the State should use the labour that it pays for to do the profitable work that is waiting to be done.

*It is probably an understatement of the truth to say that since the war this country has paid for and thrown away human labour equal to a whole year of the work of the nation.*

Year after year we pay millions of people to be idle, pay them for labour we refuse to use.

Let us look at it in the simplest possible way. It is certainly not an exaggeration to say that every week we pay the equal of the wages of 500,000 men who do nothing for it. We are entitled to the use of that labour, and the use of it would change the face of the country.

There is no reason why it should not be used, except that those who rule us have not yet realised how simple it is. Mr Lloyd George suggests a National Development Council; but the C.N. Plan is that we should map the country into areas, and that it should be possible for public bodies to call for free labour for any work publicly approved by appointed Commissioners.

#### A Simple Sum

The nation which pays 2,000,000 unemployed people every week has at its disposal the weekly service of 500,000 men, every man working out his pay at the market rate of wages. If a man's unemployment pay equals two days wages a week, he will give the State two days of his labour; it is a perfectly simple sum of arithmetic.

How many great schemes have been abandoned because the cost of labour was so high! Here is labour free for any public body that will undertake to use it if the Government will only give the word.

Here is labour being thrown away for

500 jobs with 1000 men on each, or  
1000 jobs with 500 men on each.



#### Stop This Tragedy

In this pathetic picture of a family out of work Professor Herkomer expressed, long before our own day, the spirit of the bitter problem of our time, the tragedy of a million homes in a world wrecked by war.

We do not propose that these men should replace men at work or that their work should compete with work that is now being done or would ordinarily be done. The Commissioners for each area would draw up a list of special work which would not be done in the ordinary way, and for this work it would be able to call upon this immense reservoir of unused man-power, now paid for doing nothing. Every man would work out his pay at the market rate of wages, and they would work in turn, 100 today, another 100 tomorrow, carrying on with

great schemes of work which would transform our land, until all our wretched slums were down, our waste spaces cultivated, our level-crossings put away, our sea defences built up, our untidy quarries made respectable, our cinder heaps emptied into the chalk pits, our villages linked up with a proper water supply, our roads made adequate, and so on.

It is no answer to say that the labour does not exist in the proper places, for it is to be found everywhere in the country. It is no answer to say that the labour

is not suitable for use, for it is of every kind that can be needed.

*The truth is that we are wasting the labour of half a million men every day and every week and every year, and this New Deal would stop it.*

It would stop the tragedy of our unemployed. It would help enormously the revival of trade which is coming. The use of all this free labour would justify the issue of a Prosperity Loan which could be called for as capital was needed to keep the wheels going round.

#### Village Despair

We passed through a village by the Thames the other day, a village left desolate by excavating and quarrying which had left it like a straggling mass of rubbish heaps on which the grass has grown for years. It is madness that pays men in this village for doing nothing when they could be straightening up this land and making it usable, when they could be saving their village from becoming an ugly place, giving it fine spaces, allotments, a recreation ground, and new building land. The cost would be the cost of a few spades and picks and barrows, yet the years go by and this village becomes a wretched place, children grow up with ugliness about them, women wring their hands, men mope about in despair and wonder if a country like this is worth living for.

Year in and year out William Willett cried for daylight saving, and all the world now sees what a precious thing we were throwing away.

How long must men cry before we will give them work instead of charity? How long before a great nation will open its eyes to see the power it throws away?

#### How You May Help

What would be the result of carrying out this simple idea?

*It would keep our men fit instead of wasting them.*

*It would make possible many great works now waiting.*

*It would drive home the vital principle that men should be paid for doing something and not for doing nothing.*

*It would oil the wheels of industry by creating a demand for materials.*

*It would turn unemployment pay into a profitable investment.*

We beg every reader of the C.N. to take an interest in this New Deal, to bring it before every Member of Parliament, to write to the Government about it, and to spare no effort to stop the bitter tragedy of wasting the weekly labour of 500,000 men. Once this labour is freely used all other New Deals could be carried out, for prosperity will be back again, and therefore it is that we say that this New Deal is like all the others in one.



## A WONDERFUL PIECE OF PAPER

### FIRST KNOWN WRITTEN WORDS OF JESUS

#### Precious Thing Hidden For Ages in the Sands of Egypt

#### THE AUTHOR USED BY ST LUKE?

There is now in London the oldest known scrap of paper with Christian writing on it. It lay for centuries in the sands of Egypt and was in London for months before its interest was realised.

It is a fragment of a Gospel older than the four Gospels in the Bible, and its precious leaves arrived in England last summer in a parcel of Greek papyri.

The sands of Egypt have preserved for us many a document which has thrown light on the life and customs of thousands of years ago, but few have such a world-wide appeal as those rare leaves which give evidence of Christian life and teaching in the early centuries of the Christian era.

#### Preserved By Dry Climate

The dry climate of Egypt has proved a wonderful preservative of the papyri, and it was in the sands covering up the ruins of Oxyrhynchus that men found the leaf of papyrus on which someone had written down the Sayings of Jesus at the end of the second century. But this new discovery is earlier than these Sayings; it belongs to the middle of the second century and is the oldest known Christian manuscript in the world.

When the Greek papyri were examined two of the fragments were seen to be written by a literary hand. Standing out from the Greek words were the two letters I H, with a line drawn above them.

Now this is the way in which the name Jesus is abbreviated, and immediately the concentration of scholars was fixed on these two torn leaves, and on a slight fragment which may have belonged to one of them.

#### Written On Both Sides

The two fragments had come from a book and not from a roll, and had been written on both sides. It was found that the sentences in them differed from those in any of the four Gospels, though there were distinct links, not only with passages in the Gospels of Matthew, Mark, and Luke, but also with passages in St John.

Dr Idris Bell, the Keeper of Manuscripts at the British Museum, has long specialised in the unravelling of Greek papyri, and has revealed most of the secrets held in these imperfect pages, completing lost lines. This is what he has to tell us about these precious scraps of paper.

On one page is the narrative of certain persons coming to Jesus and tempting Him with a question, saying "Jesus, we know thou art come from God, for the things thou doest testify above all the prophets," and then ask Him some questions to embarrass Him. Jesus replies by asking "Why call ye me with your mouth Master, when ye hear not what I say," and He quotes the verse from Isaiah which Jesus quotes on another occasion in the Gospels of Matthew and Mark, "This people honoureth me with their lips, but their heart is far from me."

#### An Extraordinary Fact

On both sides of the second leaf is a dialogue between Jesus and the Jews, a controversy which ends with attempts to stone Him and to seize Him. Dr Bell has pointed out that the first two sentences have a great similarity with verses 39 and 45 in the 5th chapter of John, though there are differences of wording. He points out, however, that in some ancient manuscript these two texts have parallel passages on their margins in exactly the same wording as

## BY CAR TO MECCA

### THE NEW PILGRIMAGE

#### The Remarkable Changes That May Begin This Spring

#### GREAT DESERT RIDE

When the Mecca pilgrimage begins in March it is probable that many pilgrims will go all the way by motor.

Hitherto Persians and Iraqi went either from Basra by boat down the Persian Gulf, across the Indian Ocean, and up to Jeddah, or crossed the desert by camel caravan, took boat for Port Said, and went through the Suez Canal to the Red Sea.

A would-be pilgrim to Mecca from Mesopotamia would make his plans years in advance, and he would be lucky if he made the double journey in less than four or five weeks at a cost of about £50.

Pilgrimage by motor-bus is expected to take three days and cost £5 for the single journey!

The most difficult part of the route is from the River Euphrates to Medina, about 650 miles, mostly across barren

#### The Three Ways

The Car takes the Highway  
The Walker takes the Pathway  
We cross by the Safeway

desert. The track, however, is easily followed, for it was made hundreds of years ago.

The first necessity is a good water supply. This is provided by wells, built, it is said, by the wife of the celebrated Haroun-al-Raschid for horses and camels.

Another difficulty, particularly for wheel-vehicles, is sand. Fortunately the sand of the Arabian Desert is hard enough to provide good going for motors, but low-pressure balloon tyres are necessary. The vehicles it is proposed to use are six-wheel motor-buses with big tyres.

As to the danger from robbers and wandering tribes, the King of the Hejaz is keenly interested in the proposal, and will doubtless take steps to police the route, as will the Iraq Government on their side of the frontier.

Motor-transport is already revolutionising communications in Middle Eastern countries. It looks now as though it may make a great difference in the religious life of Moslem lands.

Continued from the previous column

appears in this newly discovered papyrus. This is an extraordinary fact, and Dr Bell points out that it raises questions of vital importance:

*Was the author of these lines drawing on the Gospel of St John?*

*Did John draw on this newly found version, or were both John and this new author drawing on a common source?*

The solution seems to rest on the answer to one of the last two questions, and this new papyrus seems to represent either the actual source, or a writing only once removed from the source, from which John compiled his Gospel.

Following the controversy is a description of the cleansing of the leper described in three of the Gospels. Here is Dr Bell's translation of the new Greek version:

*And behold, there cometh unto him a leper and saith, Master Jesus, journeying with lepers and eating with them in the inn, I myself also became a leper. If therefore thou wilt, I am made clean.*

This reference to the journey and the inn are a new addition to the Bible story.

Altogether there seems no doubt that these two fragments are from the hand of one of those ministers of the Word to whom Luke refers in the preface to his Gospel, where he speaks of many who have taken in hand to draw up a narrative concerning those matters which have been fulfilled among us, eye-witnesses and ministers of the Word.

## JAPAN GOING HER WAY

### WORDS OF PEACE AND DEEDS OF WAR

#### The War Party Over Which the Government Has No Control

#### FAIR PROFESSIONS

Only History will be able to judge the meaning of the remarkable events in Japan in these times, for they are bewildering to the simple mind. Her words are Peace and her deeds are War.

One day the Japanese Foreign Minister, Mr Hirota, declared the peace policy of his Government to the world; the next day the papers were printing the news of a new attack on China.

The truth is that the Japanese Government has no control over its Army, and that the world must allow for this in accepting the proposals of peace made by Japan's Ministers.

The speech of Mr Hirota had in it these passages:

We do not intend to launch out on any expansion of our armaments, which is far from our thoughts. On the contrary, we look forward to the conclusion of another pact to supersede the Washington Treaty.

We desire a new and equitable agreement which will embody the principles of non-aggression and non-menace and effect an actual and sweeping reduction of armaments, and advance thereby the cause of world peace.

#### America and Ourselves

In other places Japan has made it plain that she will agree to reduction if she is released from any obligation to have a smaller navy than others.

As for America, Mr Hirota says that war with her is unimaginable. As to us, he sees no cause to prevent good understanding and cooperation. He also made friendly references to Russia, and suggested that Soviet military works on the Manchurian frontier were needless.

#### Next he turned to China:

I fervently hope not only that China will soon recover her stability but that she will awake to a realisation of the whole situation of Eastern Asia and undertake to meet the genuine aspirations of our country. In view of our position as China's neighbour and the stabilising force in Eastern Asia, it is our policy to try to assist China in the attainment of this goal.

After emphasising what is true, that Japan has poor natural resources and must push her foreign trade, Mr Hirota referred to her withdrawal from the League of Nations, which becomes effective on March 27 next. "Ours will be a greater burden of responsibility," he said, "but the road for Japan to take has long been chosen."

## B.B.C. HISTORY

### The Tragedy of General Gordon

By a Listener

Most of us know, fortunately, that Film History is fiction.

Are we to believe that B.B.C. History is fiction too?

Millions of listeners have just received their first impression of the bitter tragedy of General Gordon at Khartoum, and the best friends of the B.B.C. must regret that the impression was untrue to history. We do not hesitate to say that the dramatic representation of the tragedy was unjust and unfair, creating its impression by suppressing the vital fact that *Gordon disobeyed his instructions*.

The nation has no more precious possession than the public confidence in the B.B.C., and nothing more unfortunate could happen than that the standard of the Microphone should descend to the level of the Film.

## THE 46,000

### Trek From the Saar CHILDREN OF THE LEAGUE

Our good thoughts go out to those many Saarlanders who are moving out from old homes to unknown new ones.

It may not be necessary for them to make this move, but they are doing it, most of them, because they do not feel sure of what may happen to them if they stay, not being in favour of having Germany as ruler. It is good news to hear of the kindness shown to them by the French at the frontier, and of the help in food, shelter, and money provided by the French Government.

Yet that Government feels that it is not really its affair, after the first immediate need has been met, for these refugees are unlike any that have ever been known before. They are international, the responsibility of all nations, not of one only. During the 15 years the Saar Territory has been under the League they have become in a way its subjects, and no longer subjects of a country. This has been pointed out to the League by the French Government. "These are your people," says its Note. "What are you going to do for them?"

#### The Money Question

First there is the money question, for these thousands of people must be lodged and fed and provided with means to support themselves, and the funds should come from the League. Next there is the business of settling them in work in France or elsewhere. Many of them are of French nationality and so can easily be repatriated; but Germans have crossed over the frontier also, for there were over 46,000 who voted to remain under League Government.

No immediate action has been taken by the League. The Note was presented only on the last day of the Council session and there could have been no earlier preparation, as it was not known that this exodus would take place. But a member of the Council has taken the subject in his charge, and a special Saar Committee is to give all the help needed by the Territory before it passes to Germany on March 1. There is likely to be another session of the Council before that date.

The French Note to the League makes very clear this new thing in our present world, International Responsibility, a page in world history in which every nation has its part to play.

## THINGS SAID

Training in good citizenship is impossible if we cast our children adrift at 14.

Lord Allen

The gramophone and the wireless have sounded the death-knell of individual musical talent. Mr Saxe Wyndham

The appearance of Broadcasting House from Langham Place is deplorable.

Mr Hanslip Fletcher

My life has been one happy holiday; Full of work, full of play, I dropped the worry on the way.

Mr Rockefeller

It is silly to assert that present-day examinations can be passed by cramming. Headmaster of Hackney Downs School

Trafalgar Square is one of the ugliest pieces of town-planning in the world. Mr Humphrey Pakington

The man who cannot get enthusiastic about his business has no business to be in it. Sir Francis Goodenough

The original idea of the telephone, to save time, is entirely eclipsed by the idea that it is there to save effort.

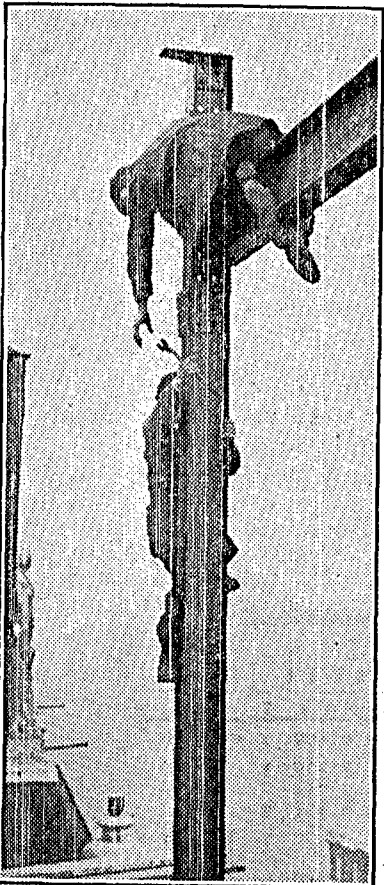
Dr H. Crichton-Miller



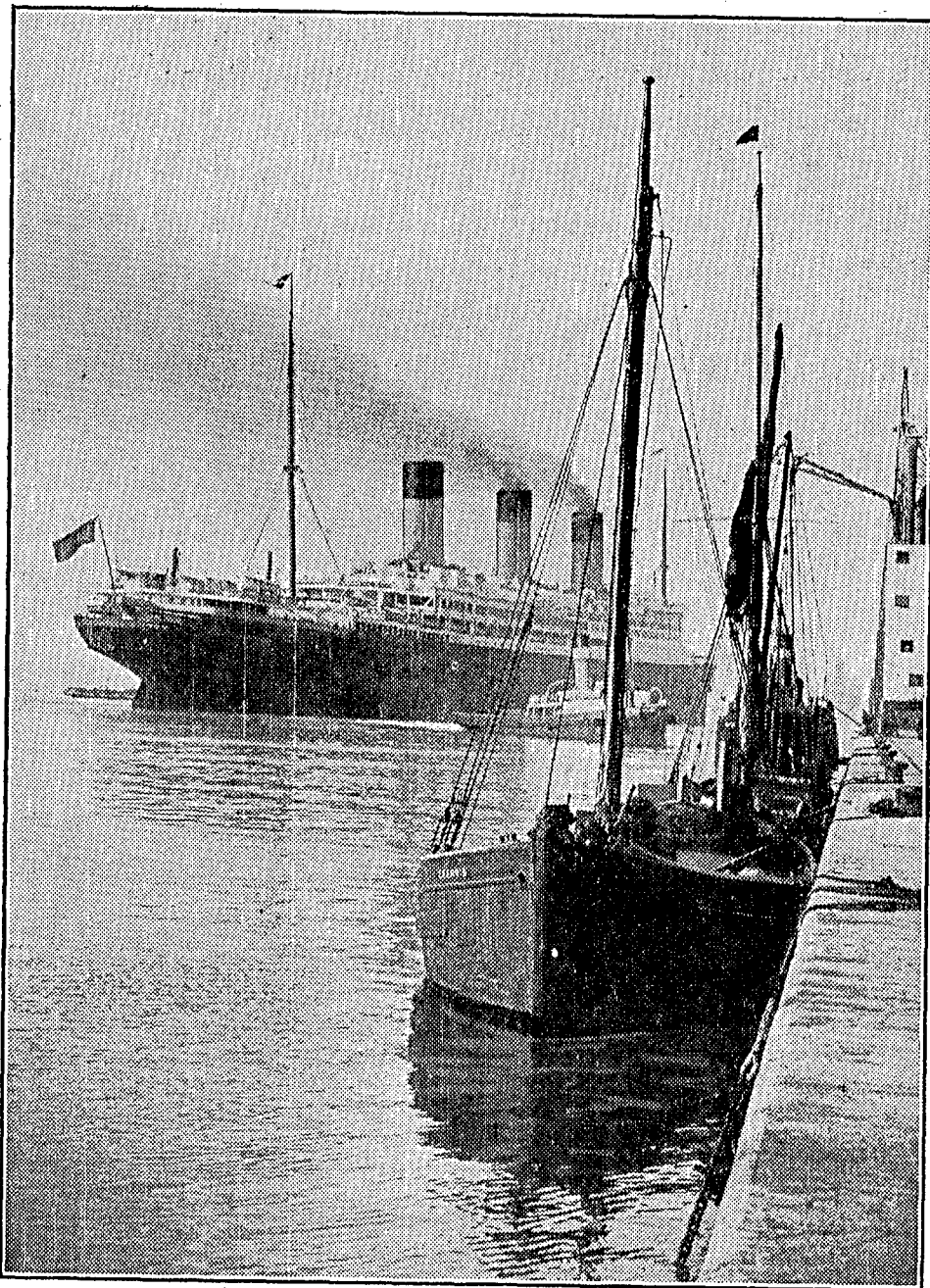
# EARLY FLOWERS · DOCKING A LINER · GIANT CHAMELEONS



Spring in the Scillies—Gathering blooms in a narcissus field on St Mary's, largest of the Scilly Isles.



Men of Steel—Rivet-heads give a foothold for the men who climb the girders of a new London building.



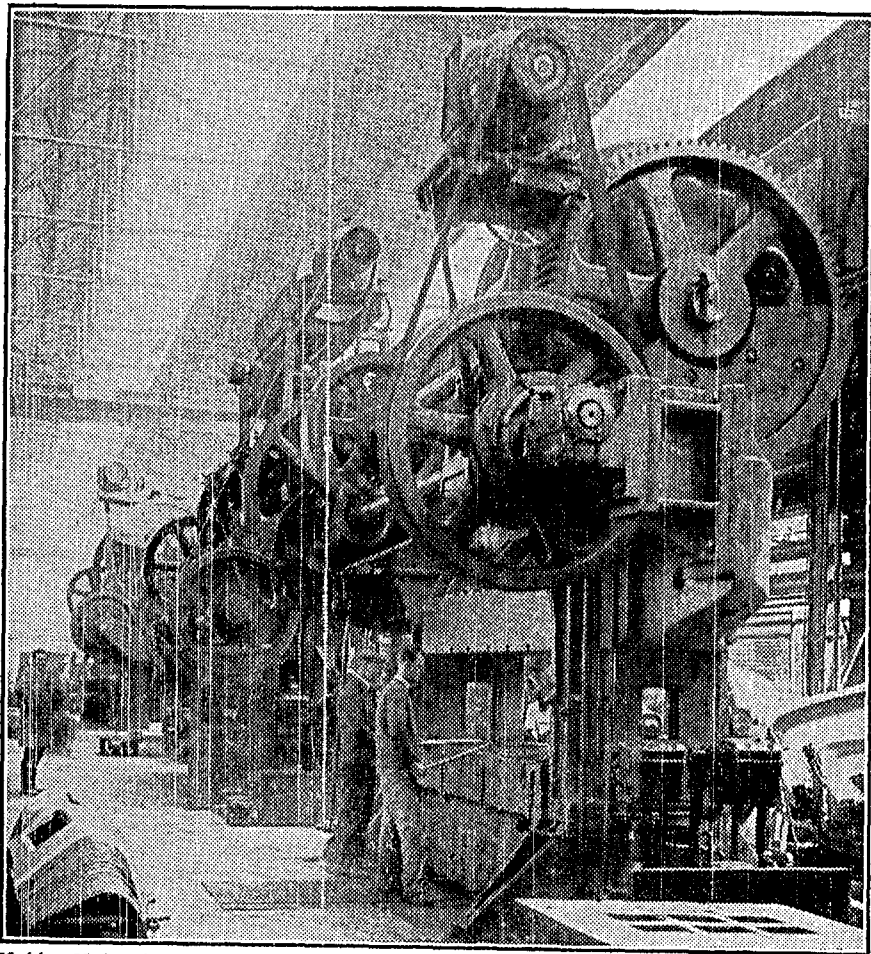
The Monster and the Midgets—The Majestic, docking at Southampton after a voyage from New York, makes an impressive contrast to the little old sailing barges.



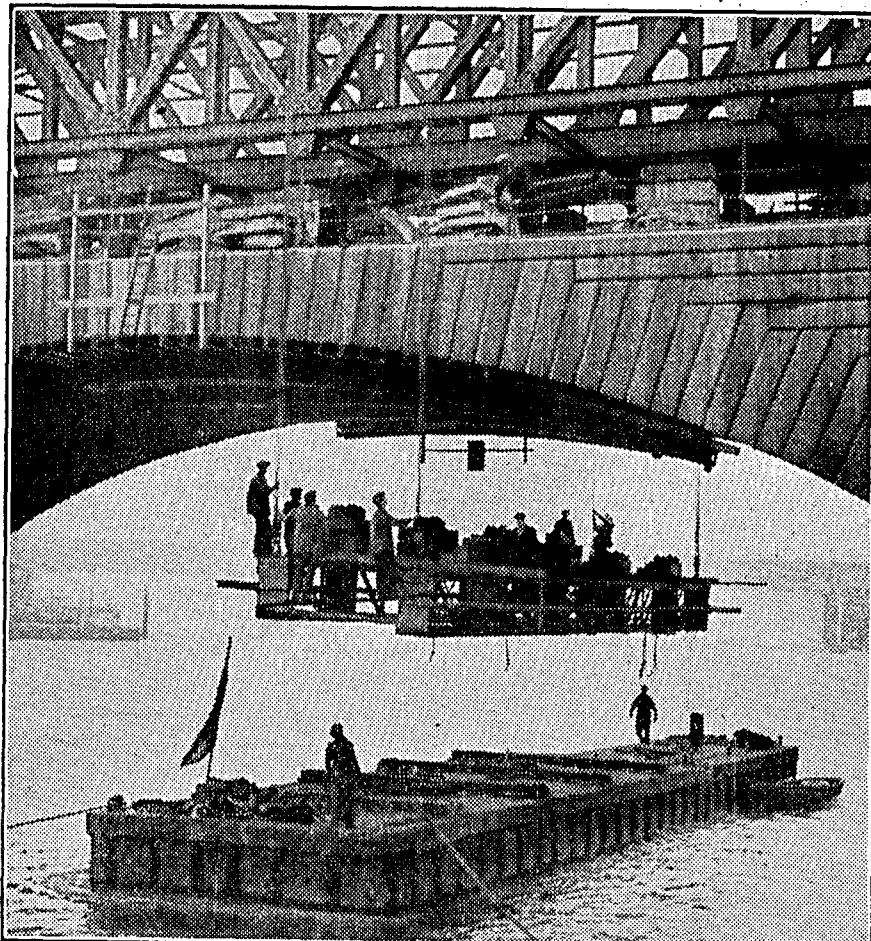
Giant Chameleons—Three of the big chameleons which have arrived at the London Zoo from Madagascar.



Going Down—Here we see a diver about to enter the water to examine the piles of Southend pier.



Making Motor-Cars—A good idea may be gained from this picture of the huge presses in which sheet steel is shaped into car-bodies at the Austin works near Birmingham.



Holding Up Waterloo Bridge—Erecting the steel trusses which will support the arches of old Waterloo Bridge while they are being demolished.



## CIVILISATION ON THE CONGO

### Making Good the Past HAPPIER LIVES FOR TEN MILLION PEOPLE

The Belgian Ambassador has been describing the amazing developments of the vast African region of the Congo.

In the past the Belgian Congo had a sad story, but since it was taken over by the Belgian State in 1907 the lot of its inhabitants has improved, and the Belgian Congo is an organised State where nearly 10,000,000 natives live and work happily. King Leopold, whose property it was for 20 years, ruled it with a cruel hand and made a private fortune out of it, but the administrators of this century have taken steps to improve the health of the population, and have spent great sums on hospitals. During 1932 nearly 3,000,000 natives were examined for sleeping-sickness.

#### A National Park

Not only has the welfare of human beings been cared for, but wild life is being protected, a national park of 700 acres having been created where none may hunt or even scare the birds.

The Congo is rich in mines, and its exports have been more than doubled in ten years.

The minerals from the Congo supply the factories on the new Campine coal-field north-east of Antwerp, many new docks having been constructed for Congo ships.

In addition to the 20,000 Belgians in the Congo there are about 1000 Englishmen, who, with other Europeans, are helping to develop this vast territory. Flying routes will soon bring the chief Congo towns within a few days journey from Brussels.

## GOVERNMENT'S PLAN FOR THE FISHERMEN

### Five-Year Scheme For the Herring Industry

The Government has decided to introduce a Bill under which the herring industry can be reorganised, developed, and regulated.

Readers of the C.N. will remember that though the harvest of the sea during the past two years has been plentiful, the demand for the harvest has fallen so far short that thousands of fishermen and others connected with this trade have been impoverished.

Under urgent appeals from the industry the Government appointed a Commission, which reported last August, and the Bill has adopted many of the proposals in that report. A Board, with three members not connected with the industry and five members connected with it, is to be appointed for the purpose of drawing up the new scheme, and the Board will submit the scheme to the Government.

Under the Bill £125,000 will be paid to the Board to cover its expenses, and to be used in promoting the sale of fish and research work connected with the industry. The Treasury will also advance a sum not exceeding £600,000 on loan to the Board.

Many special powers will be given to it, such as that of licensing fishing-boats, fish curers, and other people engaged in the industry, while it may reduce the numbers of the boats so that every fisherman actually employed should be able to earn a living.

The plan is for five years, at the end of which it is hoped the industry will have revived sufficiently to stand on its own feet again.

#### MORE BEER BUT LESS SPIRIT

The advertising of beer (a thing not allowed in America) has greatly increased consumption, but the consumption of spirits has fallen from 17 million gallons in 1919 to under nine in 1933.

## A BRAVE ZAMBESI LAD

### His Master's Fight With a Lion

#### LAST OF FIFTY FIGHTS

Not far above the Victoria Falls on the Zambesi is a village named Kazungula, and near it a few Europeans live. A South African trading firm has a large cattle ranch there with some thousands of head of cattle. Lately the ranchman, a Dutchman named Engelbrecht, was greatly troubled by lions. He has the reputation of being a great lion-hunter, and has killed quite fifty.

One night when things had become very bad the ranchman sat up by the carcass of an ox the lions had killed. Seeing two lions approaching, he fired at them, killing one and wounding the other. Hearing the shot, a native lad named Klass Makguloetsha, who was in the firm's employ, went out with his rifle. They saw the wounded lion moving about in some bushes, fired at it, and apparently hit it again. It charged. Makguloetsha took a hasty shot at it, but it knocked Engelbrecht down and began to maul his leg.

#### The Last Bullet

The boy's ammunition seems to have failed at this point, or else something went wrong with his rifle. He threw it down and seized the lion by the tail, in the hope of dragging it off his master. The lion let go Engelbrecht's leg for a moment, but before he could move seized hold of his arm. Then the boy saw Engelbrecht's rifle lying beneath him, extracted it, and shot the lion in the head and again through the jaw. There was only one more bullet in the magazine and with this he succeeded at last in killing the animal.

With the help of other men he made a rough stretcher and carried Engelbrecht into Kazungula, where, unfortunately, the rancher died of his wounds.

## 998 SORTS OF BATHS

### A Trade Coming To Its Senses

The bath manufacturers are at last bestirring themselves to avoid the waste of time and material caused by the ridiculous variety of patterns.

No fewer than 998 sorts of baths have been counted.

There is an artisan pattern and a dearer pattern, and each has decided merit, while the prices are low.

The same principle needs to be extended to all sanitary goods, the endless variety of which is a great nuisance. It is a constant source of astonishment that so many of the same sort of things are sent out in such bewildering variety.

## THE ELIZABETHS AND THE MARGARETS

More than 11,000 Elizabeths and Margarets of Australia have subscribed threepences, and they are sending a present to Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose.

When the postman delivers the parcel the princesses will find inside it two exquisite quilts filled with Australian fleecy wool, which is famed for its softness and warmth.

With them will be enclosed an Elizabeth book and a Margaret book, illustrated with gum-tree blossom and leaves, fairies, and so on, and on each page will be inscribed the names of their little Australian friends.

#### THE APPLE TREES

Oh to be in Devon in blossom time!

More than 25,000 new cider-apple trees are being presented to some 600 apple-growers in the county by the Devon Cider Makers under a three-years distribution plan. Last year over 18,000 were given away.

Many of the young trees were grown by owners of small allotment gardens.

## HAPPY ENDING

### Henry Hanke Looks in the Mirror

#### AND PAINTS HIS PORTRAIT

If we were asked for the best news of the month we should be strongly tempted to say that it concerns Henry Hanke of Sydney.

Hanke studied painting for five years under J. S. Watkins. After that he had no money left, and he could not sell many pictures. Hanke had to find work or starve. He found it in the city vegetable market, where he worked for a considerable time.

Two years ago he lost his job, like many another worker. Very great hardships followed. He could not find another post, and at last was obliged to apply for public relief work, which means hard toil with pick and shovel.

#### A Small Fortune

All this time he had not given up hope. In taverns and dosshouses there are men who talk of what might have been: men who had not the courage to fight on after a first rebuff, and have sunk into self-pitying drunkards.

But Hanke was not one of these. On a home-made canvas he painted with home-made pigments a portrait—of himself. Of course he could not afford a model, and there was no charge for using the mirror, and he submitted his picture for the Archibald Art Prize Competition, and it was adjudged the best of 92. The prize is worth £352. It must seem like a small fortune to one who has lived on relief pay for two years.

We are certain that the 91 other competitors are glad to think the prize has gone to those brave hands which wielded a pick and shovel without losing their skill.

## A BIT OF RENNIE'S BRIDGE IN SWAZILAND

It would be interesting to see a map with places marked where fragments of Waterloo Bridge have found a resting-place.

When the balustrades of the bridge were taken down last year there was great eagerness to purchase them as mementoes. Two of them have made the journey to the village of Mbabane in Swaziland, where they have been entrusted to the Resident Commissioner, who is the first citizen of this territory just outside the Union of South Africa.

Justice in Swaziland is still exercised by native chiefs, though there is a final appeal to the Commissioner at Mbabane, which is thus the Westminster of the country.

We may wonder what these two balustrades will seem to stand for to the simple understandings of the natives.

#### A BOY'S LINER

A whole liner all to himself! Even the spoiled son of a multi-millionaire has not thought of asking for such a thing.

But Brian Ahearne, aged 12, has just crossed the Atlantic as the only passenger of the 7590-ton liner Importer. He had 17 stewards and a doctor to wait on him. The Importer belongs to the United States Lines, and can carry 100 passengers, but only four booked passages this trip, and three went on shore at Belfast because they felt lonely. Brian was going to join his parents, whom he had not seen for four years, so he did not care how he made the voyage, and he had a delightful trip.

#### FAREWELL TO OLD ENGLAND

We do not know if this is heard by anybody, but if so, give our last farewell to our families and friends and to dear Old England, as our ship is foundering and rescue is beyond hope.

Wireless message picked up from the Grimsby trawler Jeria, with 13 on board

## BACKWARD AMERICA

### SOCIAL INSURANCE AT LAST

#### Providing For the Security of the People

#### OLD AGE PENSIONS

Under President Roosevelt the American citizen is to enjoy Old Age Pensions and Unemployment Insurance, and provision for Child and Maternity Welfare.

But the important matter of Health Insurance is shelved for the present.

We should remember that under the Constitution each of the 48 States is a separate entity, with legislative powers and duties, a fact which makes Central or Federal legislation peculiarly difficult.

Only the Old Age Pensions are to be National. The Unemployment Insurance is to be left to the 48 States, so that each State can have a different scheme, as each one has different labour laws. The Federal Government, however, will establish standards, and bring pressure to get them accepted.

#### A Tax on Wages

The Unemployment Insurance Fund is to be fed by a Federal tax on wages, 90 per cent of which is to be allowed as an offset to employers who contribute to a State Unemployment Insurance scheme. No employer is to get this rebate unless the conditions are all satisfactorily in accordance with the Federal Plan.

The amount of the benefit suggested is a maximum of £3 a week for 15 weeks.

The American Old Age Pensions are to be paid for out of a special compulsory tax on earnings, the amount to depend on the sum contributed. Employers are to pay half the special tax.

To enable the States to look after those too old for the scheme a Federal subsidy of £10,000,000 will be provided for the year ending June 1936, with £25,000,000 for years after.

There are also to be Federal subsidies of over £8,000,000 a year to help the 48 States to provide for dependent children, maternal welfare, crippled persons, and public health.

## A NEWSPAPER 15 CENTURIES OLD

After being in circulation for more than 15 centuries the Peking Bao has ceased publication.

The newspaper, which was founded in 400 A.D. by Su Kung, was originally printed on six pages of yellow silk stitched together. In 1800 it became a daily paper.

Many were the vicissitudes it passed through, but generation after generation it continued to bring the latest news into the homes of the people, and in spite of interdictions and suppressions it persisted for more than 1530 years.

## LONDON PLAGUE VILLAGE

Another fragment of London's history has been revealed.

While some workmen were digging up a site for building a new church hall at Clapham they came upon the foundations of some old cottages.

The rector of St Mary's, Clapham, believes that the buildings formed an isolation village during the Great Plague, when doctors and other workers lived in colonies outside London, from which they visited the stricken city.

#### THE COW AT THE SWITCH

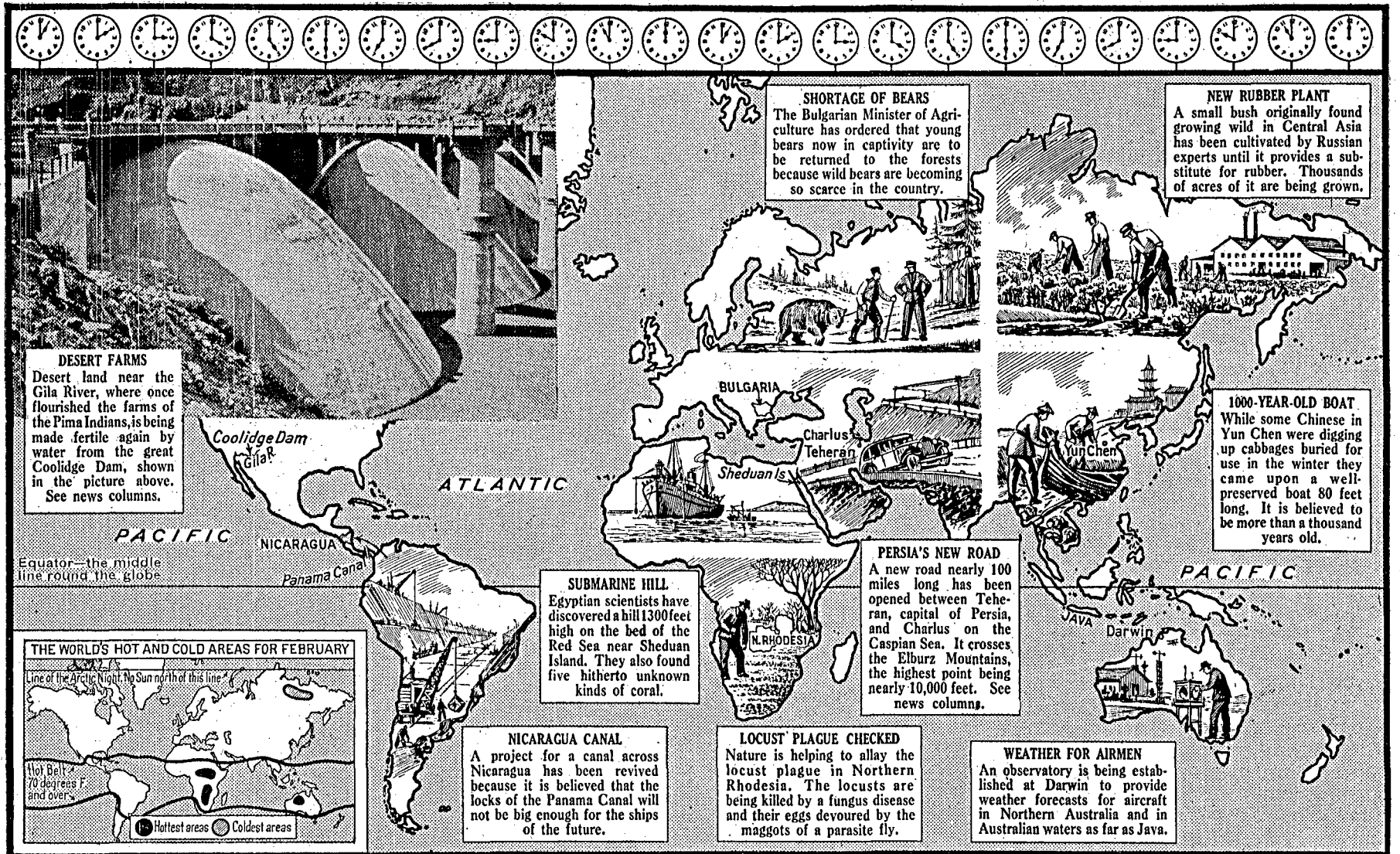
Hey diddle diddle! There have been some queer happenings of late in Thorney in the Isle of Ely.

Every morning Farmer Gee discovered that his cowshed was lit up, though he had been careful to turn off the switch the night before.

A watch was kept, and soon a cow was found licking the electric switch!



# PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



### Teheran's New Link With the Caspian Sea

We do not associate the Caspian Sea with a Riviera, but one is being made there by the Persians, who are building hotels on its southern shores and have just completed a new road to their future health resorts.

These shores, like the sea itself, are below the sea-level from which geographers calculate heights. The Caspian Sea lies about 86 feet lower than the normal level of the open sea. Beside its Persian shore is a low plain infested by malaria, but shut in by the ranges of the Elburz Mountains, which climb to a pinnacle of 13,000 feet. Through these mountains runs the magnificent new road which will connect Teheran with the harbour of Charlous.

This road follows in places the gorge made through the mountains by the River Charlous. A wonderful gorge it is, exceedingly narrow for 12 miles, the rock sheering up on each side to a terrific height.

The main purpose of the road is to enable agricultural produce from the plain beside the sea to be carried to Teheran more easily than in the past.

Great variety of climate is experienced on this road, which, when it crosses the mountains more than 9000 feet high, will need snowploughs to keep it open, but when it drops below sea-level passes through luxuriant foliage of a tropical character.

See World Map

## THE AIR WAYS

Disaster has nearly overtaken the Australian Air Mail aeroplane flying the dreaded Timor Sea. The pilot lost his way and was barely able to reach the Australian shore.

A French air-liner has also had a miraculous escape. She fell in the sea and her six passengers were rescued when on the point of exhaustion.

## FOOD OF THE CHILDREN

### Sad Reports

The word malnutrition is a terrible one, implying either under-feeding or wrongful feeding, or a combination of these things.

A Committee on Malnutrition has been studying conditions throughout the land, and its conclusions are surprisingly bad, for food is still cheap.

At Woolwich it was found, at the clinic for little children, that out of nearly 1500 cases about two-thirds were suffering from bad feeding. In each 100 children, 30 had rickets and 17 anaemia.

From a great cotton town stricken by unemployment the report is of many children who are pale, undersized, flabby, and mentally dull.

It is probably true that children as a whole are now better fed than was the case 30 years ago; yet the proportion of the underfed or badly fed is still too high, and is particularly bad in the distressed areas.

## NEW FACES FOR OLD

### Miracles of Surgery

The true story of a little girl rescued by surgery from a life of disfigurement has attracted wide attention.

She was knocked down by a car and so badly injured that her life was in danger. The nurses wept when they saw her face, so ravaged and torn, but a famous surgeon was able to do so much for her that she is again a comely child.

It is wonderful work, that of the modern plastic surgeon, and he had sadly much to do in the war. In peace, too, he is working miracles, and a tribute should be paid to his wonderful skill.

## GOOD NEWS

For the first time in its history the Lancashire Cotton Corporation, the biggest cotton-spinning concern in the world, has shown a net profit on a year's trading.

## THE KING'S HOUSE

### A Home For a Loyal Servant

Small but fit, the old Roman motto, should be that of the house at Burr Hill to mark the King's Silver Jubilee.

His loyal servants the Royal Warrant Holders, who are to build and equip it so that the King may have in his gift a house where some honoured loyal servant may live, submitted to him the architectural designs from which to make his choice. Sir Gilbert Scott had chosen the architects, and from the designs sent in had selected three for the King's consideration.

The King made his own selection unfettered by any recommendation of any one of them, but it is interesting that he chose the one that Sir Gilbert had chiefly recommended.

The house is a simple one with few rooms, but remarkable for its dignity and its appropriateness to the surroundings of gently rolling slopes and woods of Lord Iveagh's estate at Burr Hill. Its architect is Mr Beresford Marshall, and the builders are already on the way to realise his design.

## CHEESE TOO CHEAP?

The National Cheese Council is planning a new market scheme for cheese.

In twelve months 100,000 tons of foreign cheese have been imported into this country. Our famous Cheddar, Stilton, and Cheshire cheeses, some of the best in the world, are fetching such poor prices that the Council is determined to launch a marketing scheme to raise the price.

At present new Cheshire cheese is being sold for fivepence a pound, and Wensleydale cheese is only a penny more.

## 67 YEARS A RINGER

Mr S. Brown has just died at Guiseley, Yorkshire, at the age of 85. For 67 years he was a ringer at Guiseley Parish Church, and almost up to the end took his place at the bell-ropes.

## TRADE UPS AND DOWNS

### Census Revelations

### THE CHANGES OF THE YEARS

We have had to wait several years for the trade results of the Census taken in 1931.

Some curious figures now emerge from this great undertaking.

Thus the railway service employed 455,000 in 1911, 549,000 in 1921, 496,000 in 1931. Road transport, on the other hand, which employed only 291,000 in 1911, employed 456,000 in 1931.

Printing and bookbinding progressed from 249,000 in 1911 to 368,000 in 1931. Under vehicles we find 197,000 persons in 1911 and 382,000 in 1931.

Agriculture in 1911 employed 1,230,000; in 1931 only 1,018,000. Cotton, lace, and coal also declined.

"Distribution" advanced out of all proportion to manufactures; 600,000 persons were added in the ten years to 1931; and the number of commercial travellers grew in that time from 81,347 to 120,212.

## A SLIGHT BREEZE AT SEA

### Things Are a Little Better

On January 1 this year 318 British ships were laid up, as against 477 on January 1 last year. The worst of the slump was in 1932, when 871 were laid up.

Things are thus a little better, but 140 ships have been out of use for a year or more.

Representatives of 15 great ship-owning countries have been discussing their troubles, and it is hoped by agreement to withdraw ships to make profits for those left in action, and to establish an international compensation fund. But it is all very difficult owing to the restrictions on cargoes, and nothing is definitely settled.

It is much easier to kill carrying trade than to revive the shipping which ought to be carrying trade.



## CHILDRENS NEWSPAPER

FEBRUARY 9 1935

## Everybody Doing It

THE boys and girls of today are standing on the threshold of a New World of golden opportunity. It will be a world elevated by a universal conception of social justice.

In a word the era of Cooperation has opened, and it must lead to domestic and international peace. In every country plans and projects are afoot to serve the public interest. In America, Germany, Italy, Canada, and the United Kingdom what are called New Deals have either been made or are in the making. Everybody is doing it.

In Italy the Guilds are charged with the duty of reconciling private enterprise with national need. In Germany a special Ministry guides industry in service. In the United States each trade has its honourable code; in Canada a Conservative Prime Minister has proposed a policy of economic national service which discards ordinary politics; in our own country Mr Lloyd George brings together a mass of proposals which seek to mould economic forces to serve all men; and all parties listen to him with respect, for all men have agreed about something of the sort for many years.

In all these plans we see strivings after social security, the abolition of poverty, the better distribution of wealth and leisure, the orderly prosecution of work. In all things there is to be Plan.

A nation is to organise to meet its needs. Men feel they can do better by helping each other than by giving free play to the forces of competition.

We counsel all our readers to watch these developments. Measures now shadowed forth will be accomplished facts by the time most of our boys and girls have the right to vote. The New Generation, we hope and believe, imbued with the club spirit, will advance with courage to face the problems of its time.

Great changes will come as new inventions enlarge social and international horizons. They are fortunate who stand today with their feet set on a path which has been hewn in sacrifice and deprivation by men who, even while they toiled on the verge of despair, dared to hope.

In these days of promise we are offered a glorious inheritance; it rests with ourselves to take it up. Much has been done for us, but each individual has the power to accept or refuse. The keys of the treasure house are ours, and ours it is to fit ourselves to use them. This fitness is not merely for the few; it is for the average child, for everyone.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## A Question For Parliament

THE Gresford colliery disaster, and the marvellous fund subscribed for the sufferers, calls attention to the fact that about 80 funds still exist for the relief of sufferers in former disasters.

Some of them date back to the last part of the 19th century; there was a terrible disaster in 1866, and some of the fund still remains unused.

It is surely time that a single Mine Disaster Fund was established to pool all such resources and to make their distribution more equitable. Is it not a case for a short Act of Parliament?

## A Story

ILLUSIONS are common in these days; are not all the nations under the illusion that they can prosper by refusing to trade with each other? We hear a true story of a very sad illusion which is happily quite harmless.

A gentlemanly-looking man called at the Chamber of Deputies in Paris and asked to see the Prime Minister.

"I am the brother of Joan of Arc," he said, "and have come to save the country."

The secretary, so unexpectedly addressed, was equal to the situation.

"The Prime Minister," he said, "is at this moment on his way to Rouen, where your sister is to be executed this afternoon. You have just time to catch the train."

And all was well at the Chamber of Deputies once more.

## Who Does These Things?

THE Chairman of the Fashion Committee of the British Industries Fair asks: *Who dictates fashion?*

That he should not know is proof that here we approach mystery. Who is it who causes women to turn their hats up or down, to lengthen or shorten their skirts, to wear their hair this way or that, to adopt suddenly a certain colour or material and to discard it just as suddenly?

It is no light inquiry, for fashion makes and unmakes trades and employment, causes an enormous amount of waste, and hits with special seriousness the classes who have to be well dressed to earn their living.

If fashions would last for even one year millions would gain even by so modest a degree of stability.

## Looking Back On Our Time

I VENTURE the prediction that our present age, because of its craze for the new regardless of the true, will be looked back upon by our children's children with more amazement and ridicule than we ourselves feel because of the credulity of the Middle Ages.

Dr R. A. Millikan

## The Background

WHO can doubt that the background of religion was one of the influences accountable for the retention of the high standard of integrity, trustworthiness, and sense of responsibility which won for the City of London the confidence of the world? Archbishop of Canterbury in the City

## Foot and His Stocking

ONE of our gardener friends is a good plodding fellow named Charles Foot. The other day an unemployed man came to help him; his name was Charles Stocking.

Peter Puck would like to know if Stocking wishes Foot would put him on again.

## Tip-Cat

SWIMMING-BATH attendants should be obliging. Whatever their patrons' wishes they should fall in with them.

SINGERS reach their prime in middle age. When you would think they would be only middling.

THE man who gives you a tip where to buy bargains had better give you one to buy them with.

A NEW process of photography has the effect of a charcoal sketch. Makes you look drawn.

A TOWN CRIER's son is taking on his father's job. Following the same calling.

IT is no use trying to teach a schoolboy if he is hungry, says a master. He knows that without being taught.

HORSESHAVE a sense of humour, we are told. Or is it horse sense?

A YOUNG man in business needs a certain amount of push. Sometimes pushing out.

LORD BEAVERBROOK, the High Apostle of Having-nothing-to-do-With-Other-Countries, has gone to America in an Italian ship.

A WRITER wants to know whether it is possible to stop trams swaying. Only by stopping them.

## THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

GLASGOW Boys Brigade is now within one or two of its first 100,000 members.

THE exhibition of the Duke and Duchess of Kent's wedding presents raised £6000 for charity.

NINETEEN countries have ratified the convention for the protection of whales.

## JUST AN IDEA

Better a little faith in mankind and a simple faith in God than all the creeds of all the Churches.

## Nurse and Doctor Tell a Story

By Our Country Girl

"WHAT a beautiful old signet ring!" said the invalid to the Doctor. "It was my father's," he replied "and I nearly lost it once."

"I was attending a difficult case in a very poor cottage. Before doing my work I took off my ring, put it down, and washed my hands. After some time I decided to go home and fetch a drug. I returned, was able to help the patient over a bad patch, and at last thought it was safe to leave him."

"When I was packing up I remembered my ring. I turned to the washstand. It had gone! No one had seen it. I went away with very bitter thoughts."

"As you know, my house is in the marketplace. It was market day. I pushed through the crowd to my doorstep, and there I saw the ring!"

"When I finished washing I must have picked up the ring and put it in my pocket, but it was done mechanically because my thoughts were with my patient. On going home for the drug I must have pulled it out of my pocket with my keys."

"All the people in the market square had ignored it. My children and their governess had gone out for their afternoon walk and returned without noticing it."

"I was very thankful, not only to have my ring back, but to have my suspicions disproved."

"I know a true story stranger than that," said Nurse.

"A patient told me that she had a gold watch with her initials in diamonds. One day it disappeared. She had walked in the park and done some shopping, and she had come home without her watch."

"Two years later she was packing before taking a long journey. She turned out cupboards and drawers, filling her room with piles of garments, till all was confusion, and she was very tired."

"I must sit down for a minute before I can tackle it, she thought; and as she sat she picked up a piece of old newspaper which had lined a drawer. Idly she glanced over it. And her eye caught an advertisement: Found in Regent's Park, a gold watch with initials in diamonds. The owner should apply to Colonel So-and-So, at an address in Belgravia."

"She looked at the date. The newspaper was two years old!"

"Then she put on her hat, and took a taxi to Colonel So-and-So. He was just as excited as she was when she recognised the watch as her own."

"It is the most extraordinary coincidence I have ever known," said Nurse, "and it very nearly makes me believe in fairies."

Still to the lowly soul  
He doth Himself impart,  
And for His cradle and His throne  
Chooseth the pure in heart.

John Keble



## THE REINDEER MAN & HIS FIVE-YEAR PLAN

ANDREW BAHR'S  
DRAMATIC TREK

Extraordinary March Across  
the Spacious Arctic Wastes

THE LITTLE LAPLANDER  
SAVES THE ESKIMOS.

Andrew Bahr's trek is ended. He has led his reindeer to their new home.

This little wrinkled Laplander, over whose head more than 60 winters have passed, has added his almost unknown name to the list of legendary heroes. He had become almost a legend since, more than five years ago, he set out to lead a herd of reindeer over 2000 miles of the Arctic Circle to a destination near the mouth of the Mackenzie River, where a settlement of Eskimos dwell near the shores of the Arctic Ocean, hardly removed from starvation.

### Food From Planes

From time to time during the five years since he set out on December 16, 1929, from Elephant Point in Western Alaska with his herd of 3000 reindeer fragments of news of his progress have reached the outer world. By none were they received more eagerly than by the 15,000 Eskimos on the Kittigazuit Peninsula, whose plight could be remedied only by the arrival of this sufficient food supply. The tidings were bound to be fragmentary because for long periods the Reindeer Man and his herd disappeared altogether from sight and knowledge.

After the first few months, though the route had been mapped out beforehand, the position of the herd could only be found by aeroplanes. During the last two years food was dropped to the herdsmen by the Canadian planes sent out to find them every fortnight.

From every point of view it has been a tremendous trek, of which Andrew Bahr was the supreme organiser. He set out with 3000 selected animals, taking with him three other Lapps and six Eskimos as herdsmen, and 53 sledges drawn by trained reindeer to transport equipment and supplies.

### The Leader of the Herd

From his own profound knowledge he added a finishing touch to his team. He trained a handsome buck reindeer to serve as leader of the herd, knowing that if he could control this king among them he could always manage the herd. But there was an unexpected snag in this device. A rival buck grew up to might and power when the journey was halfway through, and challenged the hitherto acknowledged leader.

The animals had several minor scrimmages, and it was clear that a crisis was approaching, so one day, when the temperature was 70 degrees below freezing, Andrew pitched camp, called his herdsmen together, and separated the rivals from the rest of the herd. The herdsmen believed there was nothing for it but a fight between the two reindeer to settle the leadership.

### Wizard of the North

But the little Reindeer Man thought otherwise. He knew that if he once allowed them to battle it might be a fight to the death and he would lose both, leaving the herd without a leader. They must not fight; but how to prevent it? Only the Wizard of the North knew the way. He led the animals aside, and by some mysterious inspiration, drawn from the depths of his knowledge of these wild creatures, he prevented a struggle. The older buck stepped back into the herd to allow the younger to become leader. On those minutes of suspense the success of the expedition hung, and the story of Andrew's inter-

## WAITING FOR THE POLES TO COME DOWN

SOME Danish farmers in Jutland are feeling like kicking themselves, and even more like kicking a certain young man whom they first noticed examining all the telephone poles and making notes about them in a little book.

On being asked by certain farmers what he was doing, the young man reminded them of the report that had appeared in the local papers that the telephone company was about to put its overhead wires into underground cables.

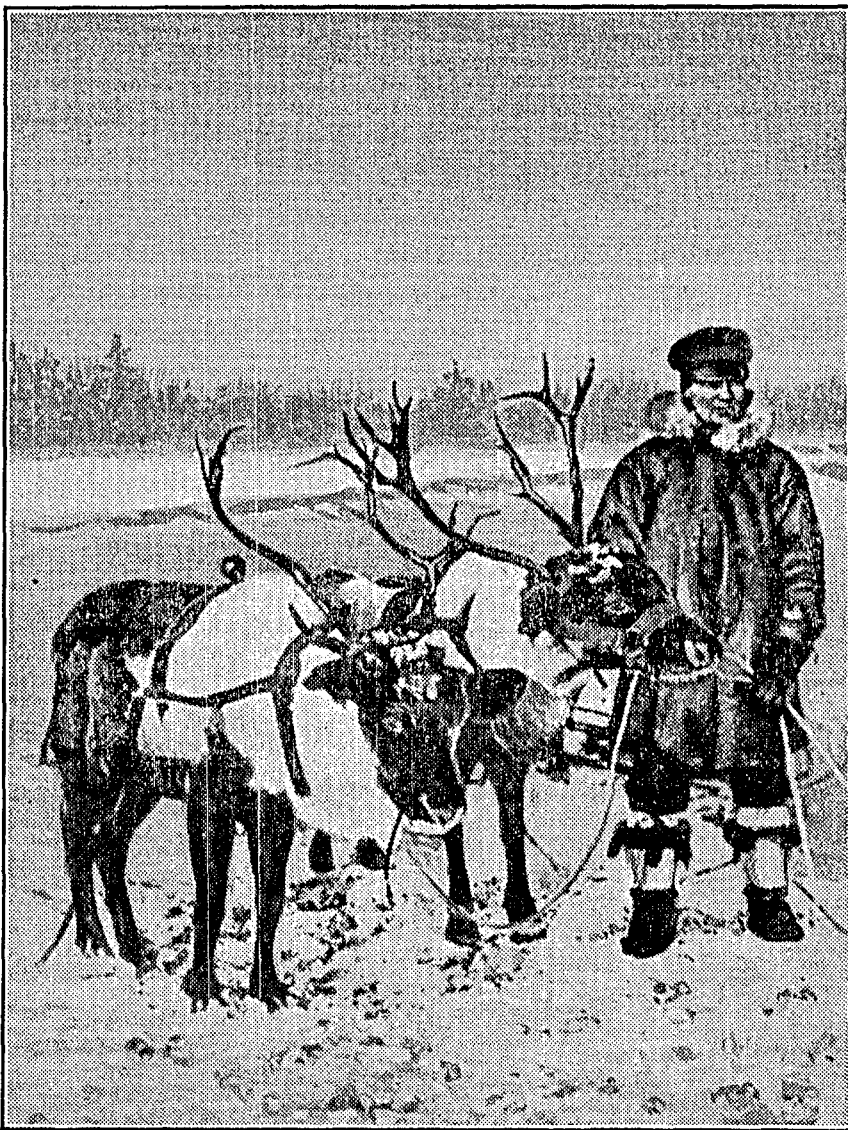
The farmers remembered reading all about this, and were delighted when the young man suggested that the poles might do excellently for fencing wood, and announced that the company would take them down and sell them to the farmers for about two shillings each rather than have the trouble of removing

the poles themselves. Not only were the farmers delighted; some of them thought this was such an excellent way of getting cheap timber that they bought as many as ten poles there and then. The young man pocketed the money and wrote their names on the poles, saying that as soon as they were taken down the farmers could have them.

After some weeks had passed a farmer got impatient and rang up the telephone company to know when the poles were coming down. The company officials replied that they knew nothing whatever about the matter, and that no one had been authorised to sell any of the poles.

That is why some Danish farmers do not at the moment welcome jokes about clever crooks.

## THE REINDEER MAN



Andrew Bahr, the little Laplander who for five years has been leading a great herd of reindeer across arctic Alaska and the Canadian North-West, as told on this page.

Continued from the previous column

vention will become part of his legend. There are many other parts of it which will never be told, as in those five years the herd moved eastward, fording streams and circling lakes and packs of ice. Bitter blizzards bore down on them as they made their way across the Continental Divide and through a pass hardly ever used. When the herd came to the Mackenzie River the current threatened to carry many of the reindeer away. The Reindeer Man saved every one. It is the most astonishing part of his story that he led the thousands of reindeer through that icy wilderness without losing one.

They travelled only during the winter months, when the tundra is covered with snow and ice and the gales are sweeping down from the Pole. During the summer Andrew camped and raised the reindeer young, which, by the following winter, were strong enough to romp along beside their mothers.

If this trek were merely a remarkable example of courage and leadership it would make history, but it is more than that. The 3000 reindeer he has given to the Eskimo settlement will, by their establishment in it, become a perpetual and sufficient source of food supply to these people who hitherto have had to live precariously by fishing and trapping fox. Under normal conditions the reindeer herd will double in number about every three years, so that there will be animals for food, for clothing, and for use as beasts of burden. The reindeer lives sparsely and is completely suited to Polar conditions.

No wonder that when the herd arrived a frostbitten driver, who had been travelling day and night, for nearly a week, leaped out from his dog team sledge to shout to the people of the nearest wireless station: "Send the word: Andrew Bahr has saved us."

The frozen North knew it, and the world now hears of it.

## A HANDFUL OF BELIEVERS

THE OXFORD GROUP GETS  
ON WITH ITS WORK

What Happened in Eight  
Weeks in Norway

CROWNS FOR CONSCIENCE SAKE

That gallant company of believers known as the Oxford Group, who believe that God rules the world and that only men with changed hearts can save it, sent a mission into Norway.

A band of their enthusiasts has been there for eight weeks with remarkable results, and we take this from a report of what happened.

The visit was the outcome of a luncheon in Geneva when a number of delegates to the League of Nations heard members of an Oxford Group international team. Among those present was Mr C. J. Hambro, President of the Norwegian Parliament, who later stated his conviction that "changed men and women, such as we find in the Oxford Group, must influence and direct the politics of every country if we are to get out of the crisis through which we are passing."

### Reception By the King

The first Norwegian House Party was arranged at Hamar in November. It was planned for 125 people, but 1300 came.

From Hamar the team of 125 men and women from various countries moved into Oslo. The King of Norway received Dr Frank Buchman, the leader, and a reception was given, at which the Prime Minister met the Group. Several thousand people had to be turned away from the first meeting, and some waited two and a half hours in the rain for a later meeting. The Military and Naval Club invited ten ex-officers of the team to speak to them, throwing open the club for the first time to all officers and men in the Services.

### Conscience Money

Meanwhile a large number of informal gatherings took place in the homes of the leading hostesses, with railwaymen, students, nurses and doctors, civil servants, and business and professional leaders. A business man said that the talk in the Oslo cafés was "five minutes business, five minutes politics, one hour the Oxford Group," and incidentally the Tax Department in Oslo received 140,000 kroner, over £7000, as conscience money.

Early in December the team moved on to Bergen. Again there were packed meetings, and on the Sunday peasants came in by lorries from the countryside. Ten thousand people besieged the meetings on the mountainside and in the churches. Sometimes when the team arrived to speak it was not possible for them to get through the crowds to the doors and they had to climb in through the windows.

### A National Awakening

The Oxford Group has been treated as front-page news in 30 Norwegian newspapers. There has been a national awakening in eight weeks in a country where, according to one of the bishops, ninety per cent of the people did not attend the churches. Frederick Ramm, a journalist who flew over the Pole with Amundsen, summed up the campaign in these words:

A handful of foreigners who neither knew our language nor understood our ways and customs came to this country. Thirty of them met in a hotel with 70 Norwegians and began to talk about God. A few days later the whole country was talking about God, and, two months after the 30 foreigners arrived, the mental outlook of the whole country was changed.

It is the language of enthusiasm, perhaps, but it is perfectly clear that there has been a great experience in Norway, and that this has all come about through ordinary people.



## THE SNAKE THAT IS NOT THERE

### MANKIND AFRAID OF A SHADOW

The Great Illusion Disturbing the Minds of Nations

### HIGH TIME TO CEASE THIS NONSENSE

By Sir Herbert Samuel

Sir Herbert Samuel, as President of the British Institute of Philosophy, has been giving his Presidential Address at University College, London, surveying the troubles of our times and considering the causes and the remedies. We give these passages from an address truly eloquent and stimulating.

It is the doctrine of the reality and supremacy of the State which is the root of much of the evil of our times. This doctrine surely rests upon a delusion.

The State can be nothing other than a collection of men and women who have organised themselves for purposes of joint action. Apart from them there is nothing; just as the swarm is nothing apart from the bees. It is true that men, like bees, have an innate tendency to cooperate; it is true that if they were not organised in a State they would be different from what they are and inferior; and it is true that, when occasion requires, they must be ready to make sacrifices of their own individual advantage for the sake of the social advantage. But the notion that the State is an entity "real in its own right" may be seen on examination to be nothing more than an imagination wandering in a vacuum.

#### Science and Morals

I remember Professor Einstein remarking once that, in his opinion, the present troubles of the world have come mainly from the fact that science has been advancing faster than morals; when morals caught up with science, then, he thought, we should enter upon happier times.

Grave as are the evils, and formidable the dangers, which confront mankind today, this is not the moment to lose heart. Least of all is this the moment to lose heart now that the clear vision is opening out before us of an evolution, intelligently directed, more rapid than ever before, bringing mankind forward into a far nobler civilisation than any that has yet been known; this is not the moment to let reason be overwhelmed by violence, for nations to sit covering in the presence of some vaguely imagined, impending fatality, like a bird fascinated by an advancing snake.

#### Controllable Forces

The ex-Crown Prince of Germany, in his memoirs, wrote of the year 1914 as the time when "the enormous pressure of economic and political forces was uncontrollably driving the world toward the catastrophe of war." But the philosophic mind will not admit the reality of any such forces. It will admit only the action or inaction, the right choice or the wrong choice, of individual men and women—rulers, legislators, citizens, in this country and that country, and everywhere. They are themselves the forces, and they are not uncontrollable. They are controllable by their own wills.

Individual men and women must not be allowed to evade their proper responsibilities by the invention of abstract "forces," in whose grip they declare themselves powerless. *The snake before which the nations of Europe are cowering in terror does not exist.* Their nerves shaken by experiences of the recent past and dread of the immediate future, they suffer the hallucinations of a political delirium tremens. It is high time to cease the talk of a fatality which is bringing us all to disaster, to a fatality which is irresistible. The notion is the merest superstition, without foundation or substance, but a superstition of

## GREAT THINGS FOR LONDON

### A GREEN BELT ROUND IT

Why Not a Barrage For Father Thames?

### IMMENSE POSSIBILITIES

With very commendable enterprise the L.C.C. has convened a Conference of London and Greater London authorities to consider a scheme for a Green Belt round London.

Representatives attended from all the local authorities of London and its environs, now the home of some 10,000,000 people.

What is urged is that before the builder has covered the land lying outside the L.C.C. area land should be bought up by the public and preserved as open space for ever.

To this end the L.C.C. is prepared to spend £2,000,000 to assist purchases in the next three years. The Council would advance up to half of approved purchases by the local authorities, so that the grants would cover £4,000,000 worth of land. The money would be advanced for the land alone, and not for maintenance or development.

#### A Radius of 30 Miles

The Council is willing to consider grants for the purpose to the local councils of Essex, Kent, Herts, Surrey, Bucks, and Middlesex. If we look at the map we see that these bodies control an area with a radius of over 30 miles from Charing Cross. In this area a vast amount of building has taken place since the war, and it is urgently necessary to preserve lungs between the centre and the outer ring.

There is imagination in this scheme, and it is earnestly to be hoped that it will come to fruition.

Another great London scheme has been submitted to the Port of London Authority. It is a revival of the proposal to dam the Thames. The engineer who drew up the scheme urges that there is no great technical difficulty in the way.

The scheme suggested is to form a barrage either at Woolwich or at London Bridge, preferably at Woolwich. The Woolwich scheme would cost about £2,000,000; that for London Bridge about £800,000. The barrage would give the river a constant level. A decision on the matter will soon be taken.

#### A Constant Level

The flooding of January 1928 is recalled in this connection. London is not immune from the unbridled power of the Thames Estuary, says the originator of the plan, and something must be done to bridle it before worse disasters befall the metropolis.

The proposed Woolwich dam would give the Thames a constant level of 17 feet above the present low-water mark, and 4 feet below high-water mark. Such a barrage would enable all sea-going ships to remain waterborne while being loaded or unloaded. Bridges would be safer. The practicable width of the river would be increased. There would be more Thames traffic, relieving the roads. Access to docks and to the Grand Union Canal would be much facilitated. Tower Bridge delays would be of shorter duration.

To turn to other matters, we are glad to add that the Port of London Authority is asking for powers to make big improvements at the docks.

Continued from the previous column

a pestilent and dangerous kind. For such beliefs, if widely held, sometimes bring about their own fulfilment.

The militarism which is predominant in some countries today is nothing but a surrender. Under the guise of bravery, with all the panoply of gallant adventure, it is really an abject desertion of the cause of civilisation.

## FRIENDS OF THE BIRDS

### Boys Wanted on the Coasts

### THE FARMER AND THE LARK

From the South Coast comes news of an organised effort to save the sea-birds whose wings become clogged with the thick oil discharged from ships.

Captain Gregory Harris of Brighton has organised a local patrol which has ten members at Shoreham, six at Lancing, and twelve at Bognor. Others are working at Littlehampton, Worthing, and Selsey. It is hoped to have a chain all along the South Coast.

Sir Cooper Rawson, M.P., backs a Bill in Parliament to prohibit the discharge of waste oil by ships.

With clogged wings, hundreds of birds perish cruelly every day. What the patrols do is to clean the wings unless the bird has to be killed because it is beyond recovery.

It is splendid work for boys, and boys are doing it. Anyone can join.

In Gloucestershire the well-known poet W. H. Davies is up in arms to save the skylarks from the farmers who stupidly believe that the larks destroy their corn. The friends of the lark point out that skylarks eat insects as well as seeds, and pay for their keep by good hunting and the merriest song known to men.

We hope the poet in his wisdom will win against the farmer in his ignorance.

## THE LIVING STONE AGE

### British Museum's Film

The British Museum is 182 years old, but not too old to change. For the first time it is keeping a film at Bloomsbury where Greek manuscripts and Egyptian mummies and Neolithic arrow-heads are kept.

What has anything so modern as a film to do in such ancient company?

Strange to say the subject of the film is almost as old as anything in the museum. It shows the dances and customs of Stone Age men, and it is not a reconstruction of those times, but was made by men who live still as the Stone Age men lived. They are clansmen of the Worora tribe, now living in the Kunmunya Government Reserve of the Kimberley District of Western Australia. While other peoples went forward these tribesmen said that what was good enough for their fathers was good enough for them, and that only evil would come of restlessness and change.

But now even the Stone Age people are beginning to change, because there are so few lonely parts of the world left where they can live their Stone Age lives undisturbed. The young people no longer believe that change is evil, and it may not be long before the ritual dances are forgotten.

It has been made on nonflammable material, or it would never have been allowed in the storehouse of so many priceless treasures.

## BETTER HEALTH FOR BLIND BABIES

Miss Rose Millauro has an unusual occupation. She is making artificial eyes for blind babies.

Some of the children cared for by the National Institute for the Blind had lost their eyes as well as their sight, and a few were given artificial eyes. This made them look more like other children, but the experiment had more important results. Muscles round the eyes which had had nothing to do were called into play and became healthy again, so that very often the severe headaches from which the babies suffered ceased.

Now every blind baby in the Homes likely to benefit is to have these artificial eyes, and Miss Millauro, who is an expert at making them, will be kept busy.

## A WRONG OF LAST CENTURY RIGHTED

### THE REDSKIN REGAINS HIS BIRTHRIGHT

New Dam Makes the Desert Blossom Again

### FLEET OF TRACTORS AT WORK

We think of the American Red Indian as a hunter, a tracker, perhaps as a herdsman, but rarely as an accomplished fruit-farmer, living at peace with his neighbour and keeping the desert at bay by cleverly-thought-out irrigation.

Yet such were the Pima Indians in Southern Arizona when Father Kino knew them in 1694, and so they continued to be for another 150 years.

The Pimas were such able farmers that the Government under Abraham Lincoln purchased two million pounds of wheat from them to feed the army which fought to free the slaves.

Then came white settlers in the valley above. There was not enough water in the Gila River to irrigate the lands of both the whites and the Redskins, so the Pimas struggled with ever-increasing drought year after year, until their once well-watered lands became desert again and they were obliged to go as day labourers to the farms of the white men who had robbed them of their heritage. Sand, horned-toads, and rattlesnakes covered the land of the Pimas. No man could make a living there. The folk became wretched.

#### Reclaiming 50,000 Acres

Now all that is changing at the rate of 20 acres a day. A fleet of 36 tractors is at work reclaiming 50,000 acres of the Pima's homeland near Sacaton, clearing the brush, levelling the surface, preparing it to receive once more the fructifying waters of the Gila River, now made available by the Coolidge Dam.

The Redskins themselves are running the tractors, and are settling on the new farms as soon as they are reclaimed. They are planting wheat, cotton, alfalfa, barley, and vegetables in their fields, and date palms, orange, lemon, fig, apricot, apple, and plum trees in their orchards. They have behind them centuries of adaptation to this way of life and they love it.

This new beginning on the land they have never left is being made in circumstances more auspicious than any their ancestors knew. White America is at last paying its debt to these people, and paying it with interest, through the Government's Indian Bureau, which is in charge of this scheme. See World Map

## THE CLOSED COUNTRY OPENS ITS DOORS

### Afghanistan Falls in Line With New Ideas

Afghanistan, with its bare rocky mountains, overwhelms one with its atmosphere of splendid isolation; but things are changing.

Ex-King Amanulla put his country in close touch with European civilisation. He lost his crown for it. People thought his zeal overran his discretion. Some of his ideas, however, are being taken up by his successor.

Five miles outside Kabul a new university is being established and will be called Dardmann, or City of the Mind. Already professors from France and Germany are holding classes in Kabul. Afghan students have been sent to Europe for education.

On the other side of the frontier Peshawar is to have its own university along the same lines as other universities in India. This will mean a new standard of education for the Pathan people, many of whom have relations in Afghanistan, and there will be a continual exchange of ideas.

No one can tell what results these new movements will produce.



# SAVING SEA-BIRDS · MAKING JIG-SAW PUZZLES · THE WHITE DEER



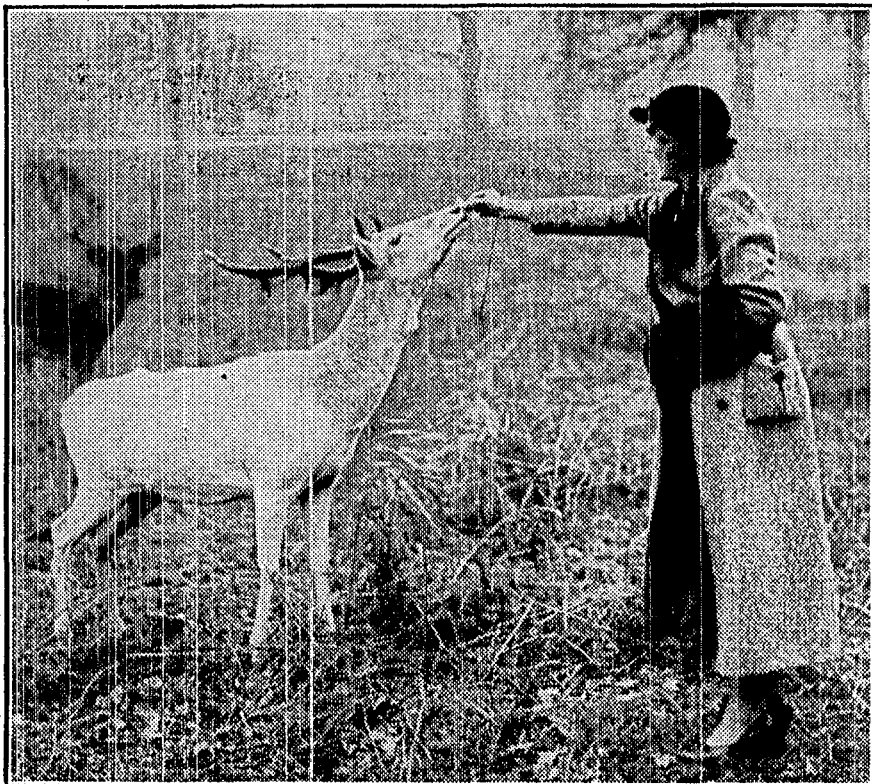
**Friends of the Birds**—Here are some of the boys who patrol the beach at Shoreham to save sea-birds whose wings have become clogged with oil discharged from ships, as described on page 8.



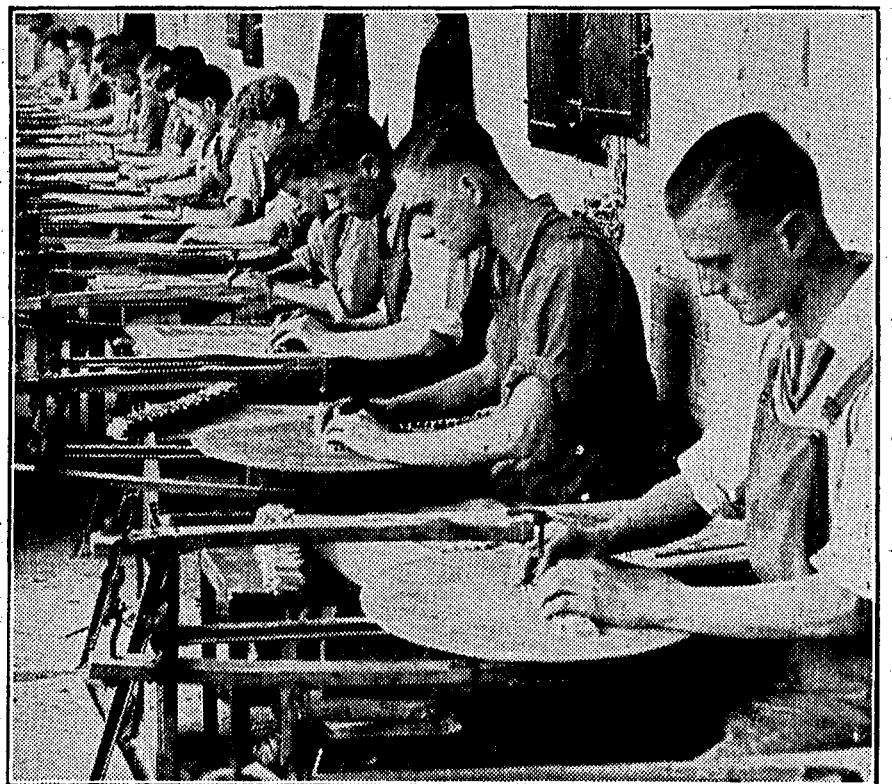
**In the Lion's Den**—Mr Jones and Queenie, two cats prowling round the Lion House at the London Zoo, where they catch rats and mice.



**Winning Back Land**—Mr James Bryce is here seen planting rice grass on the Essex coast with the object of reclaiming mudflats from the sea. As the rice grass spreads it consolidates the mud and raises its level.



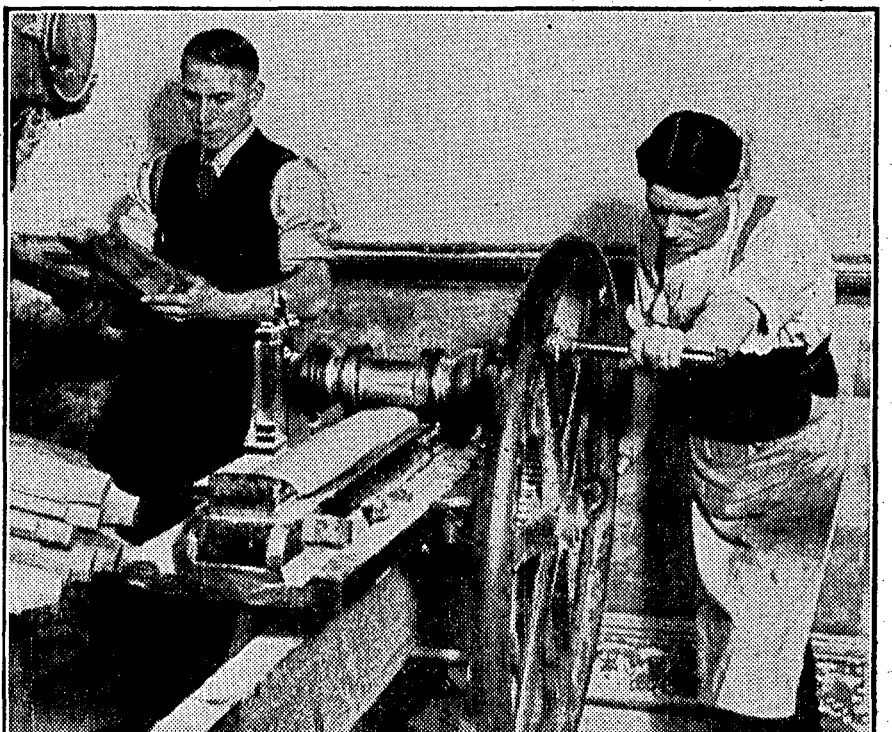
**The White Deer**—A rare new arrival in Bushey Park, near Hampton Court.



**Sawing Up Pictures**—Mass production of jig-saw puzzles in a Birmingham factory.



**Hauling in the Nets**—A picture from the North Sea fishing-grounds of the crew of a Lowestoft boat bringing their catch aboard, very arduous in the winter. See page 4.



**Mangling Cricket Bats**—In a Finchley factory where bats are being made for the cricket season this machine puts a pressure of three tons on the new blades.



# Arthur Mee's Broadcast

## THE DARK DAYS THAT HAVE PASSED AWAY

*As we said last week, in urging those of faint heart to take courage, there have been dark days before these. Let us take another glance backward at some of the bad old days which have passed away.*

THE stories of wizards and goblins that our children read are nothing to the stories that kings believed in at the time of which we have been speaking. The Parliament that made Cromwell Protector hanged or drowned or burned three thousand women for witchcraft; and the children of the Pilgrim Fathers, who left their homes for freedom's sake, put witches to death in New England across the sea.

The Great Plague with its seventy thousand deaths stands out a black page in our history, but the great murder of witches is a blacker page still. For every death in the Great Plague there was a death of a witch; seventy thousand poor women were sent to meet their Maker by the witchcraft laws of England.

### Fear of the Supernatural

Everybody believed in them. The King of Shakespeare's England decreed that anyone who should take advice from any evil spirit should die. Cromwell's troops spent the night before the Battle of Newbury in drowning a poor old woman. All over the country were these poor women, whose evil powers were supposed to be the cause of whatever went wrong. Old Moll White was blamed for everything; there was not a maid in her parish, it was said, who would take a pin from her though she offered a bag of gold with it. If a horse was lame, Moll White had done it; if the milk went wrong, Moll White was in the churn; if the hounds were going out, the master of the hunt would send his servant to see if Moll White had been out that morning. If they were not burned, these women were drowned. They were wrapped in a sheet and dragged through a pond; if they sank, they were innocent; if they floated, they were guilty.

The fear of the supernatural was over the land; it was over the Continent, too, where even animals were tried for their crimes; and it is said that the first German printers who took books to France were ordered to be burned alive, but happily escaped. A good old man who had been fifty years the vicar of a Suffolk village was tortured till he confessed that he had employed two imps to sink a ship at sea; Richard Baxter, who wrote *The Saint's Everlasting Rest*, tells the story with approval.

### The Children and the King

So many strokes with the lash was the doctor's cure for a lunatic in those days, and the sure cure for certain diseases was the touch of the King. Shakespeare and Cromwell and Milton were in their graves when six people were crushed to death in trying to get their children near enough to the King of England for him to touch their little bodies and cure them. It is hard to believe it now, but in Shakespeare's day, when even King James would have abolished the King's Touch, the English Government told him that he must not abandon a prerogative of the Crown. Fifteen hundred years after the woman pressed through the streets of Jerusalem to touch the hem of Christ's garment mothers were pressing through the streets of London that the King might touch the hem of

their children's garment and bring them healing.

And in those days, too, when Shakespeare was writing that "the quality of mercy is not strained," the quality of mercy in English law was utterly unknown. A man can hardly trust himself to tell of the unspeakable things that were done before the eyes of men in those not very distant days. Even strong men must shake a little when they read some pages of our island story.

### The Fires of Smithfield

We will pass over the three hundred of the noblest men and women in these islands who were burned alive in three years because they were faithful to God; it was only about four hundred years ago. There is an old book with a picture of a woman and her baby "tied together in a bag and thrown into a river in Scotland, and four men hung at the same time for eating goose on a fast day." The mere drawing of blood in a quarrel was punished by cutting off the right hand, and if a man exported one of his own sheep his left hand was cut off. A beggar was whipped the first time he was found, the second time his ears were cut off, the third time he was killed. Even under George the Third the common law of England punished people by slitting their nostrils and cutting off their ears, and for a long time men convicted of treason were dragged to the block at the horse's tail, or hanged so as

not to destroy life, or mutilated in a horrible way. Sir Francis Bacon advised the torturing of witnesses, and in Scotland this was not abolished until after the union with England.

The moral condition of Shakespeare's century is said by an old chronicler to have been that of "an addled egg cradling a living bird." Everybody drank; the King's friends of both sexes rolled helplessly about his Court, and a foreign ambassador wrote home describing a royal supper at which there was such a rush to the table that the table was upset and everything was scattered on the floor. Sir Thomas More's family were regarded as eccentric because they drank water, an almost unheard-of thing.

### A Child With a Widow's Veil

Marriages at five years old were not rare, and marriages at ten were common. The Duke of Buckingham's daughter was a widow at nine, and we read of her romping in an orchard in her widow's veil. We can hardly look for morals where there were hardly any books, where nobody travelled. If a traveller dared to cross the Channel he found it swarming with pirates. The Bible was a new book, and the few copies available for the people were chained in churches. Shakespeare would hear of the bonfire of Bibles outside old St Paul's, where the Bishop of London burned the first edition in the people's tongue; and the

tradition would still be fresh of the strangling and burning of William Tyndale, who was refused hospitality by the Bishop of London, and translated the Bible in the house of a merchant who happened to hear him preach in Fleet Street.

With these burning Bibles we may leave Shakespeare in that strange world of his. Remember that it is not so very long ago, within the compass of about four lifetimes, that a Queen of England burned 300 people alive for believing in God, and a Parliament of England burned or drowned 3000 witches.

Let us come a little nearer home, out of Shakespeare's world into John Wesley's, and let us take another side of life.

We meet corruption everywhere. Men still remembered the Speaker of the House of Commons who took a bribe from the City of London for securing the passing of a Bill, and they were not surprised, perhaps, to find that a Prime Minister of Wesley's day was imprisoned for bribery.

### Political Corruption

Our first Prime Minister, Sir Robert Walpole, governed by corruption, says Macaulay, because it was impossible to govern without it, and men still living remember when a British Government refused to dissolve because corruption made elections so expensive.

Political corruption, said Lord John Russell, was a political necessity. Oxford offered to elect a candidate who would pay the debts of the town, and the Duke of Marlborough accepted the offer. Lord Chesterfield wrote to his son in Wesley's day that he had offered £2500 for a seat in Parliament but could not get it, as the rich India merchants had bought up all the seats in the market. William Wilberforce, who freed the slaves, paid £8000 to get his own seat in Parliament.

With Parliament so corrupt, honesty could hardly be expected in the country. In ninety years forty million acres of common land were stolen from the people. The prisons were let out to contractors, who ran them for profit. Open sewers poisoned the air of London. Those who went into the streets by night hired link-boys to bear torches in front of them. It was as probable as not that in walking through the streets of London a lady would receive a pail of water on her head from a window above.

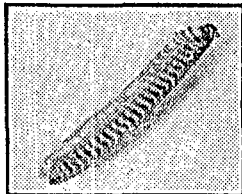
### A Grim Picture

The prisons were crowded with debtors; one misfortune could doom a man to lifelong confinement. The insane were burned, manacled, or starved. People refusing to plead at the Old Bailey were put in low, dark chambers, where heavy weights of iron were laid on them until they were willing to plead, when they were given brandy and carried back into court. A writer has drawn a grim picture of the terrible days of the Old Bailey. Many a sentence of death was delivered there in silence by an invisible figure, who flitted all unseen across the court, marking perhaps the prisoner in the dock or the barrister in his seat, or perhaps a spectator in all innocence, or perhaps the judge himself.

Nobody knew this terrible figure at that time, but he lived unseen, growing in numbers and power in the filth of the prison cells, and today we call him the author of typhus.

*continued next week*

## NATURAL EVENTS OF NEXT WEEK



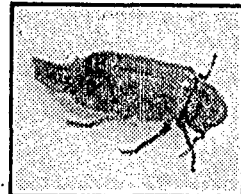
The millepede is now laying its eggs in the ground



Twin-bladder wrack, our commonest seaweed, is washed up in quantities



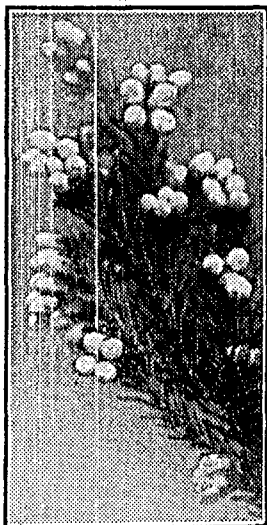
The American bittern may sometimes be seen, having wandered in the course of its winter migration



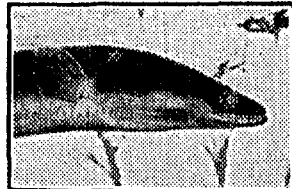
The furniture beetle emerges from the pupa state



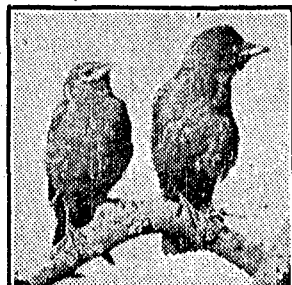
Berries of the evergreen berberis often hang until the spring flowers appear



Erica australis is a heath that is in full blossom very early in spring



The eel is becoming active in pond and stream



Jackdaws, which do not nest until April, are already resorting to their building sites



The white flowers of the ever-welcome snowdrop are now opening



## GREATER INDIA A MIGHTY BILL IN PARLIAMENT

One in Six of the Population  
of the World

### THE ISLAND AND THE EMPIRE

Something of the might, majesty, dominion, and power of the federal scheme for the future government of India is reflected in the text of the India Bill now before Parliament.

No scheme comparable with it has ever been devised in the whole course of our political history in relation to the peoples and countries whose affairs and territories are under our administration. This scheme is to direct the destiny, as far as is humanly possible, of 350 million people, one-sixth of the world's population and comprising as many races and almost as many religions and differently-administered areas as in all the rest of the vast system of dominions, dependencies, and protectorates in the British Commonwealth.

#### A Federation of All India

The full effect of this measure when it has been made law can be by none foreseen. Before it can be given effectiveness it has to be approved, not only by the British people and their representatives at Westminster, but by those diverse sections of influence and opinion in India for whose peoples it is designed.

Before it is a working measure it will have to survive every kind of criticism and suffer by alteration, by addition, or by diminution.

Before it can become an instrument for the betterment of India and for the strengthening of the bonds between India and the Home Country it must be acceptable to India itself. As now framed it is to give full self-government to the 11 provinces into which British India is to be divided. It provides the machinery by which the native States, whenever willing, can be brought into a Federation of All India.

It foreshadows a central government responsible to an elected assembly. It enacts safeguards in the control of the army and in respect of the powers of the Viceroy and governors. It protects the rights of minorities and is mindful also of the effect of tariffs.

#### Lord Willingdon's Statement

The enumeration of these purposes explains the size of the India Bill, measured in words and in clauses. It is a document of 350 pages and 100,000 words, it contains 451 clauses and 15 schedules. It has occupied seven men, Sir Maurice Gwyer, first Parliamentary Counsel, four other Parliamentary Counsel, and two assistants, for many weeks in putting into plain language and watertight legal forms the proposals and intentions of the joint Select Committee embodied in the Bill.

The intention of this measure can be stated in a few words quoted from the speech of the Viceroy, Lord Willingdon. It is that India should take her position on terms of complete equality with the other members of the British Commonwealth. That is the task to which this country, no wearied Titan but renewing her youth, has set her hand, and, whatever of good or ill may come of it, there is no turning back.

A wonderful thing it is to think of the responsibility of our little Island for the mighty Indian Empire.

#### ASK A POLICEMAN!

Sir Robert Peel, after whom our policemen are called Bobbies, and were once called peelers, would be flabbergasted if he were told how much the modern policeman is expected to know.

The Chief Constable of Bolton has compiled a book about law and police procedure, and it has taken him three years to prepare its 600 pages. Every policeman is supposed to know everything in it.

## A RED REVIVAL A Squirrel Winning Its Way

There is good news about our English friend the red squirrel.

It is beginning to make its way again in the struggle with the Canadian grey squirrel, which first came from Carolina and, after it was well established in this country, seemed to be ousting the native born.

The Oxford Bureau, collecting statistics of the animal population of this country, reassures us that, though it is true that for years past the grey squirrel has been seen more than the red, this was not due to enmity between the two kinds, but was largely owing to an epidemic of disease which descended on the red squirrels in 1931 and reduced their numbers. For the last three years they have again been steadily increasing and are spreading to districts where no grey squirrel has been seen.

The grey squirrels were not immune from the disease of 1931, when they received a severe setback which continued for two years. They are now beginning to revive again and, as before, are spreading fast into fresh counties both in England and Scotland.

## THE CRY OF A JAPANESE FATHER

### Innocence and Numbers

The autobiography of Fukuzawa Yukichi has just been published by the Hokuseido Press in English.

It is the story of a man who loved knowledge so much that he risked death to bring Western culture into Japan. He was often in danger of assassination by zealots who looked upon him as a traitor, but he lived to see the era of Meiji (or Enlightened Government) and to know himself, for all his modesty, to be one of the makers of modern Japan.

He was only 46 when he died in 1901. It is startling to think how fast Japan has moved in so brief a lifetime. When his high-born father learned that the boy was being taught the multiplication table at school he cried: "It is abominable that innocent children should be taught to use numbers, the instrument of merchants."

It sounds like a cry from the Middle Ages, and is unthinkable in Japan today.

## HOLIDAYS WITH PAY International Action

The I.L.O. at Geneva has made an interesting report on Holidays with Pay.

A holiday without pay is no holiday, though the lot of millions; but holidays with pay are becoming commoner. Some 19 million workers in Europe enjoy them, by virtue either of legislation or collective agreements.

Fourteen nations have adopted schemes applying to both manual and salaried workers. It is a fallacy to regard paid holidays as a burden on the employer. On the contrary, says the report, he reaps an advantage in higher output, fewer spoiled goods, less shirking, less sickness, and fewer accidents.

It is hoped that an international agreement on the subject may be arrived at.

## WASTE NOT WANT NOT

Cheaper clothes and better trade for the Lancashire cotton mills may be the result of a new discovery.

Every year hundreds of tons of flax waste are burned by Canadian farmers. Now this waste is put through a special chemical and mechanical process, and, after being mixed with cotton, can be woven into a strong cloth.

Samples of the new material have been shown to more than a hundred Lancashire mill managers, and as the Canadian Government is anxious to encourage its manufacture there is hope of busier mills and fewer unemployed.

## DO ANIMALS THINK?

### A BROADCAST TO SCHOOLS

The Hills and Moors of  
North-Eastern England

### BLACKFELLOWS OF AUSTRALIA

Talks to schools on many fascinating subjects are to be broadcast by the B.B.C. on the National Transmitter next week. Here is our selection of some of the more interesting.

#### Monday

2.5. Following on Dr Keen's description of seeds and seedlings and the explanation of what causes seeds to germinate, Mr Middleton is to give us practical instruction on sowing, spacing, and thinning.

2.30. In the World History series we are to have a talk on Byzantium, the centre of the East Roman Empire. When Rome was overthrown by the barbarians Byzantium, or Constantinople, kept alive Rome's ancient culture, its trade, learning, law, and architecture. Then it was a centre from which the Western barbarians were converted and civilised, and guarded Europe against invasion from the East.

#### Tuesday

11.30. Mr R. Piddington is to describe the Blackfellows who live in the Australian scrublands, of whom C.N. readers hear from time to time from Mrs Daisy Bates.

2.5. Mr Noble Rollin is going to tell us many interesting things about feathers: the weight of various kinds, their colours and markings, and the use they are to the birds. He will also talk about the way in which old feathers are cast off and new ones grown.

#### Wednesday

2.5. This term we have heard of trading in Canada and the West Indies. Today we are to hear about the East India Company.

2.30. In the English Literature series a reading is to be given from the second half of Shakespeare's Coriolanus. Coriolanus has left Rome in disgust and gone to offer his help to the Volsci. We shall hear his meeting with Aufidius, and later the entreaties of his mother, Volumnia, and his wife, Virgilia, that he should spare Rome, his native city.

#### Thursday

11.30. Miss Edith M. Coulthard will describe the hills and moors of north-eastern England and the caves and waterfalls of the Pennines. We shall be able to compare the country she describes with the Lake District on the other side of the Pennines which we heard about last term from Mr K. G. Spence.

2.5. We have already heard from Commander King-Hall what the Prime Minister's duties are today. This week we are to hear from Mr Boswell how it is that this office has become so important and yet has no duties or powers which are written down in black and white.

2.30. Do Animals Think? is the fascinating subject to be discussed by Professor Doris Mackinnon. She will compare the brains of fish, reptiles, birds, mammals, and apes with each other and with the human brain, and will discuss examples of instinctive and intelligent behaviour in animals.

#### Friday

2.5. Sheep-ranching in Patagonia is the subject of today's Travel Talk. Patagonia has a thousand miles of coastline, where the wind never stops blowing, dry, windy summers and snowbound winters, but possesses the world's largest sheep farms, many of them under the care of Welsh settlers and Scottish sheepdogs.

There are over nine miles of shelf space in a new section of the Bibliothèque Nationale at Versailles, built to house newspapers and reviews.

## Rubbing



## Away

A new treatment that avoids  
"dosing."

The doctors recommend it.



**F**EWER and fewer people now swallow medicines for coughs and colds; the doctors have taught us that too much "dosing" upsets the stomach and that there is a better, more direct

way to tackle colds in the head, throat or chest.

When you rub Vick brand Vapour-Rub on the throat and chest at bedtime it acts in two direct ways at once:

(1) "Vick's" vapours, released by the warmth of the body, are breathed right in, to soothe the air-passages and ease the breathing.

(2) "Vick" also acts direct on the skin like a poultice, helping to relieve the tightness in the chest.

This double action usually breaks up a cold overnight, and the treatment is absolutely safe for old and young.

At all Chemists—trial size 1/3, double size 2/-.



P.S. Try it for bruises, too!



By Appointment

## THRILLS FOR TEA TIME

Just imagine  
having eight-  
teen of the love-  
liest biscuits  
to choose from  
at tea time!  
Ask mummy to  
buy you some.



**Emblem  
Assorted  
Biscuits**  
Made only by  
**CARR'S**  
of CARLISLE



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## When Somebody's coming to your House

It is Benger time for Mother before Baby arrives. For health and happiness expectant mothers should take a cupful of Benger's Food night and morning for some months before the happy event, and all through nursing time. Write for valuable Booklet, post free from Benger's Food, Ltd., Otter Works, Manchester.



## Radio Advice by Experts

POPULAR WIRELESS brings experts to your aid and helps you to get the very best results from your set. And more than this—for POPULAR WIRELESS is up-to-the-minute in telling its readers of the latest radio developments, and gives regular articles on building the most satisfactory, economical receivers. John Scott-Taggart, the world-famous set designer, contributes regularly to this most practical of wireless papers. Every issue of POPULAR WIRELESS is a mine of invaluable information, and you have only to write in about any particular wireless problem to receive the best-informed advice.

# POPULAR WIRELESS

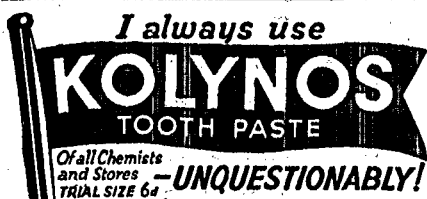
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Every Wednesday.  
At all Newsagents and Bookstalls

## Marie Elisabeth are REAL Sardines

DELICIOUS, SUSTAINING, HIGH FOOD VALUE  
LIKED EVERYWHERE and BY EVERYBODY

LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD



**for HOARSENESS**  
Ingredients of Vick brand  
Vapour-Rub in the form  
of a sweet.



## NOT ENOUGH HOUSES Our Overcrowded Homes

An alarming report on houses has just been officially published.

When the last census was taken it was found that nearly 600,000 people were living more than three to a room, and though it is a fact that since 1931 some 800,000 new houses have been built this number is not half enough to bring our housing up to the standard of the new Overcrowding Bill.

One of the surprises of this census was the fact that on the new L.C.C. estate at Becontree overcrowding existed in spite of careful selection and supervision of the inhabitants.

If a standard of an adult and a child under ten to one room had been enforced at Becontree nearly a third of the people settled there would have been living beyond this standard.

On the same basis 7,000,000 of our population would be affected. Worked out another way, for every 100 houses in England and Wales there are 112 families, and of this 112 a fraction over 21 families were living two or more to a separate dwelling.

When we realise that these figures represent conditions over the whole of England, with many areas where overcrowding hardly exists, it is clear that this evil is an appalling one.

## WAR AT HOME IS PASSING

### Strikes Becoming Scarcer

Not for 40 years, since the first records were kept, has our little island been so free from the misery of strikes as in 1934.

Employers and men are settling their differences more and more by discussions leading to friendly agreements. The working hours of at least ten million people have been fixed by agreement.

Only about 134,000 workpeople took part in disputes last year. For the first time since records have been kept the days lost fell below a million.

About 900,000 days work were lost in 1934, and when we remember that nearly 86 million days of useful work were lost in 1921 and 162 million in 1926, the year of the Great Strike, we can realise how much happier are the relations between workmen and their employers. The total of lost days has been steadily becoming smaller since 1930.

## THE GREAT WINDS

### A Buried City Blown To Light

A city buried two centuries ago has been blown to light by this winter's winds; it is Chuhsien, in the Honan Province of China.

In the reign of Chien Lung, 200 years ago, Chuhsien was a flourishing town. Then the Yellow River rose in flood, and Chuhsien was buried in mud and sand.

Year after year the winds of Asia have blown over this spot, removing layer on layer of sand, and this winter the work of two centuries is complete. An unusually violent windstorm has unveiled the Western Gate and a street of the lost city. The authorities intend to carry on Nature's work and complete the excavation of Chuhsien.

## SOLDIERS THREE

During the war the kindness of Thomas Atkins to French children was proverbial.

In the Saar he has also been winning golden opinions. Twenty German children probably owe their lives to three British soldiers who were watching them skating and sliding on a frozen pond at St Arnual, near Saarbrücken.

At the height of their enjoyment the ice gave way. Then, at the risk of their lives, the soldiers three went to the rescue and pulled out all the terrified boys and girls.

## OVERHEARD IN THE ANTARCTIC Cackling By Wireless

A little colony of seals and penguins having been sighted by members of Admiral Byrd's Expedition on an ice-floe in the Bay of Whales, the men crept up quietly with their wireless apparatus.

The seals and penguins were greatly interested in watching what was going on, and loudly discussed their views on the subject, while the birds were particularly loquacious. We should very much like to know what they said.

However, their conversation was heard in New York, 10,000 miles away, and from there was passed on to the Cape, another 7000 miles. The reception at the Cape was very clear.

Admiral Byrd then informed listeners that the geological members of his expedition were in sight of the Polar plateau.

## SWEDEN DECLINING Alarm at Last

So serious has the population question become in Sweden that a Bill has been presented to Parliament proposing the appointment of a commission of inquiry.

All parties are proposing measures to help parents—taxation reliefs, better houses, mother's pensions, and so on.

In one town the number of school-children has fallen since 1913 from 848 to 284.

In 1925 106,292 children were born in Sweden; in 1933 only 84,881. In some of the towns the deaths exceed the births, and in all places the births are not nearly great enough to replace the existing population.

## A YEAR'S MOTOR BILL Probably £200,000,000

On November 30 last there were 2,116,582 motor-vehicles licensed in this country, exclusive of trams and vehicles requiring trade licences.

The sum paid for licences in the 12 months to that date was £32,587,000.

The total annual sum spent on motor-ing must, therefore, be enormous, for we have to add for purchases of new cars, repairs, tyres, petrol, oil, batteries, garage fees, travelling expenses, and so on. The aggregate must reach £200,000,000 a year, or about one-fourth the cost of governing the country.

## THE MAN WHO LOOKED AFTER HIMSELF

The C.N. has already congratulated Mrs Elizabeth Readwin of Netley on spending her 91st birthday by taking a seven-mile walk through the English countryside.

Mrs Readwin makes the fires in her cottage and cooks her own meals. Perhaps that is why she is so hale. Mr H. W. Fowler, the great Fowler who wrote so wisely on Words, cooked and cleaned for himself because he liked simplicity and independence. The Oxford Press, knowing that he was not rich (except in all the things that matter), offered him a servant. He refused the offer, calling a servant the means of slow suicide, and Mrs Readwin would seem to prove his words.

## SWINTWAYS

Are we to have a new word, Swintways? It was coined by a witness in a case before Judge Peel at Blackburn County Court the other day, he using it to describe the position of a car across a road.

The judge said it was a good word, and he is a good judge.

## NEXT WEEK'S C.N.

An announcement of great interest to all readers will appear in next week's C.N. Please make sure of your copy by ordering it now.

## CANADA'S PLAN "Decent and Clean" Finance

### MR BENNETT'S BOLD POLICY

Fired by the National Planning in the United States, Italy, and Germany, the Canadian Prime Minister proposes a New Deal to make Canadian capitalism what he calls "decent and clean." He proposes:

- To regulate in the public interest industrial or trading trusts;
- to control the investment market and thus to safeguard the investor;
- to set up a State Economic Council to advise on questions of industry and finance;
- to make better provision for the worker in sickness, unemployment, and old age;
- to define minimum wages and conditions of labour;
- to make taxation fairer;
- to protect the public against unfair trading;
- to reorganise the Civil Service.

He has already set up a Central Bank to control credit in the public interest, and devised Marketing Boards like ours.

Mr Bennett declares that there must be no more reckless exploitation of Canadian resources or trafficking in health and happiness.

Those investors who have lost so much money in Canada of late years will be glad to welcome these proposals to protect the good name and financial integrity of the Dominion.

## BAD NEWS FOR PESSIMISTS

### Our People Saving More

People are saving more. Post Office Savings Bank deposits have reached the astonishing figure of £355,000,000, an increase of over 28 millions in 1934.

This record sum is the result of putting by sixpences, shillings, and half-crowns. It is a remarkable achievement, especially as the money has been saved by ordinary people living in our villages and towns.

Deposits have increased by 14 per cent, and over 250,000 Post Office money-boxes, which are known as home safes, have been applied for by grown-ups and children. This is more than double the number taken out the year before. Stamp-saving books have been so popular that two million were supplied to thrifty people.

## MRS SPALDING REMEMBERS THE CHILDREN

About 160 village children of Newburgh in Aberdeenshire have been given a happy surprise.

Under the will of Mrs Spalding, who lived at Newburgh House, every village child under 14 is to receive a pound. Thus 160 little dreams may come true, with plenty of shillings left over to rattle in the money-box ready for a rainy day.

## THE SILVER PAPER

Many boys and girls have been keener than ever about collecting silver paper for hospitals since they read in the C.N. how it is used. Here is one more fact to prove that the little trouble is well worth while.

The National Children's Home has received altogether over £2500 for the silver paper and foil sent in. It seems almost worth while buying chocolates for the sake of saving the paper which so many people throw down in the street.

## THE SEVEN ECLIPSES

Not since 1255 have there been so many eclipses of Sun and Moon as occur in 1935, seven in all.

Seven is the greatest number possible to be seen in a year, and such a sequence will not happen again until 2485.

Unhappily the first of the seven was lost in clouds and unseen in this country, but astronomers may expect better fortune with some of the other six.



## THE COMING OF MARS IN THE EASTERN SKY

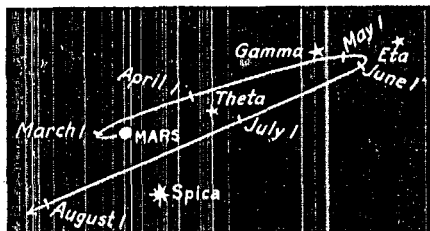
### Red Planet's Strange Journey Through the Heavens

### MILLION MILES NEARER EACH DAY

By the G.N. Astronomer

The planet Mars is now coming into the eastern sky of an evening; rising about 10.30 o'clock, he may therefore be seen soon after, a little way above the horizon and slightly to the right of due east. As Mars rises nearly half an hour earlier each week he will soon become more prominent and appear much higher in the heavens.

There is no mistaking Mars, for he is the brightest object in that region of the sky, his reddish hue also helping to identify him, while, as can be seen from the accompanying star-map, Mars



The path of Mars during the next six months

appears not far from the bright star Spica, which is just now about eight times the Moon's apparent width to the south-west of the planet.

It will be of interest to watch the singular path which Mars appears to follow among the stars, as indicated on the star-map. At present he is travelling eastward, but on February 27 he will appear to stand still and then begin to retrograde, as it is called.

Mars passed above Spica only a few days ago. He will again do so on March 24, and continue along the curved path shown, until on May 17 Mars will again appear to stand still, though of course he does not actually do so; it is merely that at this part of her orbit the Earth is travelling direct for Mars and the two worlds are speeding along the line of sight as it were.

They soon pass out of it again, and so Mars again appears to turn and travel eastward once more, this time much more rapidly, again passing above Spica on July 14.

Mars will pass very near to and a little way below Gamma in Virgo about March 23. This third-magnitude star with Spica, little Theta, and Eta constitute what might be called celestial milestones by which these Martian journeyings may be measured.

#### Problem Solved By Copernicus

This curious curved path which Mars appears to trace is, as might be inferred, due to perspective, resulting from the motion of the Earth in her orbit relative to that of Mars in his orbit; its true course was not discovered until Copernicus, in his famous book *De Revolutionibus Orbium Coelestium*, in 1543, explained it geometrically.

Previous to this the periodical retrograde movement of Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn, together with the somewhat different motions of Venus and Mercury, constituted a most difficult problem which astronomers endeavoured to explain by what they called *epicycles*. These in effect meant that the planet, in its then supposed orbit round the Earth, stopped periodically, then waltzed round in a small orbit on its own, stopped again, and then went on.

As our world is at present approaching Mars and getting nearer by nearly a million miles a day, he will get much brighter, while his disc will appear larger; at present it has an apparent width of about  $9\frac{1}{2}$  seconds of arc, but in two months time, when Mars will be at his nearest to us, this will have increased to 15 seconds of arc; then his markings will be best observed.

G. F. M.

## A STRANGE FRIENDSHIP

### LEMUR AND ARMADILLO

### A Wombat Who Gave a Monkey Rides on His Back

### THE EAGLE-OWL AND HER EGGS

By Our Zoo Correspondent

One of the strangest friendships the Zoo has known for several years is to be seen in the North Mammal House, the animals concerned being a ring-tailed lemur called Kiki and an armadillo called Charlie.

Most monkeys have an instinctive dislike for armadillos, but although the ring-tailed lemur, sometimes described as a Madagascar cat, is distantly related to the monkey tribe it does not have the same reactions as a monkey, and so when a housing problem arose it seemed safe to let an armadillo and a lemur share a cage.

#### Eating Off the Same Dish

The idea of the two animals making friends was never considered, but it was hoped they would live together in peace.

At first they were more or less indifferent, but Kiki soon became interested in her strange companion, and now the two animals are never apart. They curl up together in the same sleeping-box, they eat off the same dish, and they play together. What is more, Kiki makes the armadillo carry her about on his back, and sometimes when she is having a ride and the armadillo stops to pick up food she reaches over and takes a share of the food from his mouth.

Charlie never shows any sign of irritation, and if his playmate ever wanders away from him he does his best to make her return.

This friendship resembles one that existed many years ago between a monkey and a wombat. These two odd playmates shared a home and the wombat regularly gave the monkey rides on his back.

#### Two Sociable Vultures

The Zoo is taking keen interest in a pair of African milky eagle-owls which began to nest toward the end of December.

Although the hen eagle-owl merely laid her eggs at the back of a high ledge in the indoor section of the aviary she chose a corner directly over some hot-water pipes; and, as part of the birds' food consists of rabbits, she carried two or three rabbit-skins to the ledge and arranged them round the eggs.

Two sociable vultures from Africa have been seen examining the ledge in their cage and behaving generally as though preparing for eggs. But the vultures offer less hope than the eagle-owls, because on previous occasions the hen bird has laid eggs and sat on them for as long as four weeks only to have them unexpectedly destroyed by her mate when she left the nest for a few minutes to take a meal.

#### TO SAVE A DOG

It was a cold December day when someone saw a dog struggling in a mud-bank of the River Avon at Redcliffe, near Bristol.

Then a young man named Edwin Pratten came along with a rope and asked the bystanders to lower him over the mudbank.

They implored him not to risk his life for a dog. There could hardly be a more horrible end than suffocation in the mud. The young man agreed; that was why he could not leave the dog to it.

In the end they had to help him. He managed to save the dog and himself.

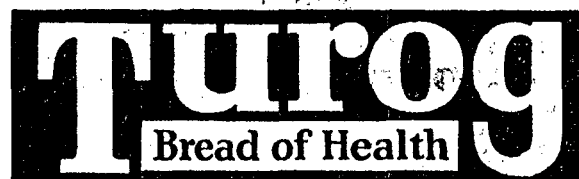
The other day the Lord Mayor of Bristol presented him with a medal of the National Canine Defence League for the rescue.

It is the fourth time he has saved a dog from the River Avon.

# Boys and Girls!

Write a short Essay and win one of these VALUABLE PRIZES

in the



## ESSAY COMPETITION

★ THE COMPETITION IS DIVIDED INTO 3 AGE SECTIONS

1. Boys & Girls 8-12 yrs. of age
2. Boys & Girls over 12 & up to 14 yrs. of age
3. Boys & Girls over 14 & up to 16 yrs. of age

WITH EQUAL PRIZES FOR EACH SECTION

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Style                      Matter  
Handwriting              Grammar

and the prizes will be given to the Competitors who receive the highest number of marks.

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2nd Prize Cash £7.10.0

or complete set of "The Pictorial Dictionary" (5 volumes) and 3 National Savings Certificates.

3rd Prize Cash £5.0.0

or complete set of "The World of Wonders" (2 volumes) and 5 National Savings Certificates.

4th Prize Cash £3.0.0

or complete set of "The World of Wonders" (2 volumes) and 2 National Savings Certificates.

5th Prize Cash £1.10.0

50 Prizes of 10/- each

100 Prizes of 5/- each

80 Prizes of 2/6 each

also £10 FOR PARENT (or Guardian) of child winning the first prize in each section.

#### LAST DAY FOR RECEIVING ESSAYS IS

17th APRIL, 1935

#### CONDITIONS OF THE COMPETITION

1. 2 TUROG Bread Bands, or a Coupon from a TUROG Flour Bag to be sent in with each entry.
2. You may send in as many Essays as you like—but only one prize can be won by a Competitor.
3. Essays must not exceed 150 words in length and must be written on one side only of a sheet, or sheets, of paper.
4. Each essay must be signed personally by the child, and countersigned by the parent, guardian or school teacher, as evidence that the essay is the unaided work of the Competitor.
5. Name, address and EXACT age of the Competitor to be written clearly in BLOCK CAPITALS, at the top of each essay page.
6. Essays should be sent to: SPILLERS LIMITED, 40, ST. MARY AXE, LONDON, E.C. 3., and clearly marked "Essay" in the top left-hand corner of the envelope.
7. Employees, or children of employees of Spillers Limited, are not eligible for this Competition.

Spillers



# THE KING OF THE CASTLE

An Adventure in the Alps  
In Three Parts

Told by  
Henri Chosalle

## What Has Happened Before

André Revard, the famous Alpine guide, receives a call for help from his old master the Comte de Pourry, who lives in a lonely castle perched on a rock. André gathers together a few friends and hastens to his assistance.

In the castle is a valuable painting, much envied, with which the Comte, in spite of his poverty, will not part. Here lies the danger!

## PART 2

### In the Castle

THEIR hearts sank to discern no flag flying. For daylight had come, and each was gravely recalling André's assertion that the Count never failed to hoist his flag when the day broke.

Yet they waited for some minutes watching the flagstaff. How they ached to see the bunting mount to its summit. But at last their guide lowered his levelled glasses, and sighed. "We come too late," he said. "The Count is no more king of his castle!"

It sounded to Jim like some game he had played in the past. King of the Castle. It came to him with a rush how horribly different the same words can sound in new circumstances. King of the Castle. Black scoundrels were kings of that castle, that perilous castle frowning down from its rock.

Arnold's voice brought him back with a start. "What's to do now?" it cried.

"We possess ourselves of the chateau," André said quietly. "But gently, Messieurs, with caution; we must surprise them." He turned and his eyes looked Jim through and through. "Mon brave," said he, "you have well proved your skill and your courage. Will you scout for us?"

Jim's face shone excitedly.

Had they been following the sunken road up to the chateau either on foot or in a car it had been long, stiff work still, because that road was obliged to wind round and round to get up. But now the snow had changed all the surface of their surroundings, filling road, and the slopes which it cut, as the jam fills a jar, and enabling them to advance to the chateau on skis; almost, as André had promised, as straight as the crow flies.

So they sent Jim forward. A low wall circled the base of the rock. But the snow bore him over this likewise, then, discarding his skis, he found himself under the mountainous bluff overhanging the chateau. Here the snow lay deep underfoot, but so much did the bluff break its force that Jim was little impeded in his advance. He threw himself flat and stared at those scarred walls in front of him with their flag-tower and the two smaller turrets beneath.

All was silent, within and without. There were no signs of life, nor any sound of an enemy lying in wait.

Yet he bent double as he crept back to the base of the rock, and there, rising, he stood with his right arm flung high.

The watchers on the opposite slopes read the signal. It summoned them on. In a body, and like to some strange distant creatures on wings, he saw them coming, swooping down that last stretch of snow. They were here at his side now, hard-breathing. Their skis were removed. André whispered to them to spread out as they advanced.

They gained the chateau unchallenged. Its gatehouse was furnished with massive oak doors, iron-studded. At these André pushed with his shoulder.

They parted at once. On their left in the arch of the gateway yawned an old guard-room, and, leaving this behind, they came to the courtyard and advanced toward the inner door, to perceive it wide open.

They raced for it, raising their voices. "M'sieur le Comte! M'sieur le Comte!" they were calling. But no voice responded.

As they crossed the threshold they sent up shout after shout. In the great hall a bat, which had passed the night in the rafters, flew screaming. On its walls the tapestry quivered as stirred by the wind. And like mocking phantoms the echoes answered them back—M'sieur le Comte! M'sieur le Comte, ringing all round them.

"Faith I like it not," uttered André, biting his lips. "If the Count were within and unhurt he must surely have heard us."

"But, André, do you suppose they'd do harm to the Count if all they wanted was the picture?" asked Peter.

"He would defend it with his life, Messieurs," André said gravely. "Despite his great age he'd resist them to the bitter end." And with these words André dashed to the foot of the staircase. "Quick!" he cried. "To the picture!"

"Please, what is it like?" Jim inquired.

André answered over his shoulder while they were mounting. "When the artist painted it the famous Comte de Pourry was well on in years. It shows him, his helmet removed, in breastplate and shoulder-pieces, with his piercing eyes, like the eyes of an eagle."

"Is it full length?" they asked.

"Nay, it finishes at his waist," André replied. "But the right arm suggests that the hand is clenched on some weapon."

As he spoke he turned under an archway and into a corridor which most suddenly opened out into one immense gallery, stretching across the whole of the chateau's front, and lighted, though poorly, with high windows on either side. There were oil lamps as well, which swung from the roof, but these were not burning, together with a cluster of three quenched lamps at the far end where the wall was draped from top to bottom in dark velvet hangings.

"See! The picture!" cried André. His voice broke.

He was pointing at that darkly draped wall at the end, but their eyes, which had followed his finger, swung to his face again.

"I don't see any picture!" Peter said.

"Messieurs," shouted André, darting forward, "the frame! See, the frame hangs there, but the canvas has been taken out of it! Regard you, Messieurs! There is nothing framed here but the hangings!"

The portrait had gone.

It staggered them. But their guide would not give them an instant. "We waste time here! To the roof!" he insisted.

Alive to his purpose, they streamed at his heels from the gallery, and at his heels they went climbing the narrow and winding stone steps which brought them out under the flag-tower. There they separated and spread themselves round the parapet and, leaning over, searched their immediate surroundings.

But on three sides their eyes met little except the massed treetops, sullen in snow. On the sheltered side they distinguished the

frozen lake, and the trace of the vineyard colouring the slope. But none of them could detect any movement out of doors.

André led the way down. "We must search," he declared, "systematically. One can hardly suppose they have taken the Count with the picture."

"Or his manservant!" said Olaf.

"That is so! Or his manservant, as you remind me. So they must be within, and in need of us."

"But how have the scoundrels escaped us? That mystifies me!"

"They must have assaulted the chateau before we set out."

"Messieurs," André Revard broke in, "I blame myself bitterly, though I lost no time in fetching you when the Count's word came; nor was there any nearer aid to be found." He groaned. "Yet 'tis my fault, Messieurs."

The loss of the painting had startled them more than they showed. But it was in those survivals of evil old times, the deep dungeons, that they encountered a second shock more full of bewilderment.

For here, cowering and huddling together, two strange men were found.

Strangers? Not utterly strangers. Big Peter Barnet reeled back as though from a blow. He was splaying his torch on them.

"The Mavriskis!" he gasped. "Gotz and Fzanto Mavriskis—the skaters!"

"How did you get here?"

They had dragged the swarthy-featured pair up to the light, and were gripping them while they rained their questions upon them. For beyond dispute these were the selfsame two whom Peter Barnet had pointed out on the ice-rink last evening.

"How did you get here?"

"When did you leave Grande Torasse?"

"And what are you doing here? What black business brought you?"

The captives found their voices, recovered themselves. "We came by air. We flew through the night. We landed behind the castle just before dawn."

"We saw no machine," growled André, "just now from the tower."

"You would not. We had need to be cautious, M'sieur. We took good care to conceal it before we came on."

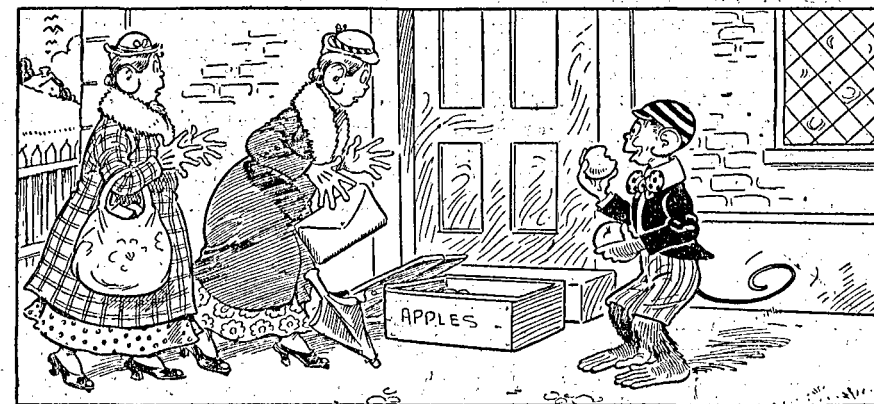
"What fear had you, for such caution?" André cried fiercely.

"M'sieur," the one who was speaking replied with smoothness, "it was while we were standing by the rink at Grande Torasse

## JACKO MAKES BAD WORSE

EVER since Jacko had played his disastrous trick on Mrs Howler's washing-line his mother had done her best to make amends for his bad behaviour.

She talked quite a lot about the importance of being neighbourly; and she went so far out of her way to illustrate it that she and her next-door neighbour became firm friends.



"Whatever are you doing?"

They were always in and out each other's houses; and it wasn't long before every tradesman in the neighbourhood knew that if either of them was out when he called the other would be only too delighted to "take in" the other lady's purchases. This arrangement worked admirably till Jacko, the tiresome lad, brought it to a sudden end.

He had gone off—for the whole afternoon, as his mother thought—to a football match. As soon as she had washed up the dinner things Mother Jacko dressed Baby and took him out for a walk.

Half an hour later back came Jacko for something he had forgotten—and

was thoroughly annoyed to find himself locked out.

While he was hunting round, shaking all the window catches to see where he could force an entrance, he saw a wooden box lying on the doorstep.

He stared at it curiously. A red label said: FRUIT. PERISHABLE.

Jacko's eyes brightened. "Cool!" he cried. "The Mater's been buying apples!"

He had the lid off before you could say Snap! and peered inside.

"Cox's!" he murmured. "I'm in luck."

He began to enjoy himself, and was still munching happily when the garden gate clicked and his mother came back.

"Oh, Jacko!" she cried. "Whatever are you doing?"

"Just sampling your apples," said Jacko impudently.

"Your apples!" cried an indignant voice behind her. "My apples, if you please. And I'll thank you to leave them alone."

Alas! there weren't many to leave. Poor Mrs Howler! It was too bad!

that we heard a whisper of ill-doers threatening the chateau. And because the Comte de Pourry has long been our friend we flew at once to his succour."

"Then why not seek me or my friends here?" André demanded.

The other spread out his hands. "But we knew nothing of you. Nor of your friends. We are newly arrived from Rumania."

"The machine is your own?"

"We hired it from the hotel."

The guide turned sharply to Arnold.

"Can that be the truth, M'sieur?"

"I know the hotel has a British Comet," said Arnold.

"Did your flight by air create no sensation, Messieurs?"

"Indeed it did. But we gave out we were practising night-flying."

Yet the guide remained sceptical. "If your story is true," he scowled, "what made you hide when we entered the chateau?"

"We mistook you for the enemy."

"Then why not attack us? You with your care for the Count!"

"We were two and you are many," muttered the man. "Moreover, the Count has gone—and his picture as well!"

On this André's suspicions revived with new force. "And what did you know about the painting?" he shot at them.

"M'sieur! The Count is a friend of ours!"

"That I take as no honest answer," André retorted.

His suspicions by no means stilled, he drew Chart aside while the others kept watch on their captives.

"It is this way," whispered André.

"How should whisper of the Count's plight reach those two at Torasse? Did they speak the truth when they said they had newly arrived?"

"I imagine so. I can't vouch for it, but I know this: that I had not set eyes on them myself before yesterday evening. And so far as that goes," Chart added musingly, "I have only Peter's word for it that the fellows are the Mavriskis. And I fancy Peter has only their own word for it."

"And what are they said to be doing at Grande Torasse?"

"They told Peter they'd come for the International skating."

"But that takes place today!" André stared. "Tell me, are they both really formidable skaters?"

"Undoubtedly," Chart returned, with a smile for the formidable.

"Then is it likely? I ask you, M'sieur, is it likely that either would turn his back at the very last moment on a champion's title which he had travelled so far to secure? Does one journey so far for a prize and then toss it aside?"

"At the call of friendship—"

"La, la! Has the Count ever spoken of any Mavriskis to me? Not a word. I would doubt they have ever touched hands with him. Nor do you," continued André, after a pause, "know the actual Mavriskis by sight. Is that not so, my friend?"

"Quite. I only know there are two famous skaters of that name."

"Bien sure! For that reason these two unknown may have borrowed that honoured name as a cloak for their villainies. I believe them impostors."

"You think they attacked the Count and have hidden his picture; have abstracted it and hidden it somewhere here?"

"Yes, and were on the point of removing it when we arrived."

"But how can you prove it?"

"We will drag the truth from their black throats," the Frenchman said passionately. But then his shrewd eyes contracted in thought, and he presently smiled. "Ah, but wait!" he confided. "We have no need to resort to violence. There are easier ways than that of extracting the truth." And again that vague smile.

But Chart felt glad that this smile was not aimed at himself, for there was something about it vastly disquieting.

"Yet surely we must search for the Count first?" he urged.

"But certainly, M'sieur. And when we have searched without finding, I say if we find not, then will we prove, you and I, those two villains. Aye, and in a manner that shall astonish them!"

"But how?" murmured Chart.

"Patience!" smiled André.

His companion's attention had wandered in that same instant. Chart had given a start. And, "Listen! What's that?" he ejaculated.

There was much noise outside; first the mutter of deep-throated anger, and then the rush of feet and loud, savage shouting.

"It would seem," said André, "that the enemy surround us."

And it might have been one of the mountain-tops telling the tidings, so unperturbed and so steady was the guide's voice.

TO BE CONCLUDED



## UNCLE ODOL GIVES 117 PRIZES FOR JANUARY

82 girls and 35 boys won prizes for the excellent paintings they sent to Uncle Odol in the January Painting Competition. This is the list:

### GIRLS.

Cora Oelrichs, Norwich.  
Joan McEwen, Norwich.  
Marjorie Thompson, Wallasey, Chcs.  
Nellie Readwin, Rugby.  
Jean Barwell, Maldon.  
Beryl Rendle, Lee Moor.  
Kathleen Taylor, Gainsborough.  
Dorothy Sligh, Romford.  
Janney Norman, Peterborough.  
Gertrude Hurst, Haverton Hill.  
Doreen Leaning, Hull.  
Mildred Birchall, Bamfurlong.  
Margaret Lund, West Hartlepool.  
Irene Tredale, West Hartlepool.  
Patricia Lowrie, West Hartlepool.  
Gladys Hills, Woodingdean.  
Ethel Marsh, West Hartlepool.  
Mary Picknett, Redcar.  
Marjorie Sutherland, Ashington.  
Doreen Pardon, West Hartlepool.  
Gwendolyn Hunt, Gillingham.  
Peggy Wilson, Southsea.  
Betty Cross, Southampton.  
Barbara Barwell, Maldon.  
Audrey Rendle, Lee Moor.  
Evelyn Barnes, Lingham.  
Kathleen Norman, Leyton, E.10.  
Marjorie Watson, Folkestone.  
Evelyn Gibbons, Newport.  
Peggy May, Barking.  
Edith Brasted, Brighton.  
Kathleen Moreland, Hull.  
Doreen Armes, Walsby.  
Betty Burns, Manchester.  
Phyllis Baker, Dartford.  
Joyce Randall, Ashford.  
Joan Day, Fen Ditton.  
Eunice Webster, Wigan.  
Kathleen Berry, Gillingham.  
Mary Rowley, Elsecar.  
Mabel Twigg, Widnes.  
Iris Wilby, Derby.

### BOYS.

Gordon Latter, Spenny-moor.  
Rowland Horton, Grimsby.  
William Stuthridge, Falmouth.  
William Cole, Cwmbran.  
Benjamin Standen, Buntingford.  
Brian Ross, Nottingham, W.11.  
Patrick Ross, Nottingham, W.11.  
James Hyde, Southampton.  
George Chaffings, West Ravendale.  
Frederick Wray, Hull.  
William Garwood, Gt. Yarmouth.  
George Hurst, Southampton.  
Donald Williams, Potters Bar.  
Harry Caley, Birmingham, 6.  
Raymond Sawyer, Liverpool, 23.  
John Noble, Middlesbrough.  
John Hetherington, Cango.  
Leslie Stuttle, East Dulwich, S.E.  
Richard Martin, Cwmbran.  
Richard Vandeleur, Farnham.  
Cecil Brighton, Bury St. Edmunds.  
Peter Metcalfe, Scunthorpe.  
Dennis Munson, Plumstead, S.E.18.  
Roger Halls, Chatham.  
Alfred Mason, Eccles.  
Arthur Pankley, Oakington.  
Thomas Brindle, nr. Chorley.  
James Hardman, nr. Bury.  
Kenneth Sargent, East Grinstead.  
Frederick Turner, Manchester.  
Sidney Thomas, Wembley.  
Terence Corbett, Birmingham.  
Eric Whitaker, Bradford.  
Frank Palmer, West Marsh, Grimsby.  
William Smith, Bolton.

There are more jolly prizes awaiting winners in the February Painting Competition. Boys and girls who wish to enter must ask their mothers to get them the **Odol Painting and Story Book**. This is given free with a sixpenny tube of Odol Tooth Paste or a tin of Odol Solid Dentifrice. Enter **NOW** and you may easily be the winner of an exciting prize.

# Odol

**MAKES TEETH LIKE PEARLS**



**VAPEX WILL STOP THAT COLD**  
A drop on your handkerchief, breathed often, carries healing vapours into the nose and throat, relieving congestion and killing the germs.

# There's Health and Vitality in the **OXO** Habit

13/35.

## ADVENTURE! RAILWAYS! AEROPLANES! INVENTIONS! **MODERN BOY** Every Saturday. At all Newsagents and Bookstalls 2d.

## GERMANY AND THE SAAR

You have all read of the recent historic happenings in the famous Saar Territory, so

### GET THE FINE NEW— STAMPS

Germany has issued to celebrate the province's return. Four beautifully designed stamps showing Mother Germany welcoming her daughter, the Saar. We offer the complete set at a bargain price, 3, 6, 12 and 25 pence. 4 unused, 1/5, post free.

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By Appointment to H.M. the King  
DEPT. 107, 391 STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2

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BOYS! You can't beat the "KANGAROO" 1/- Outfit. Look what it contains: 50 Stamps, 125 Hinges, Nickel-plated Tweezers, Magnifying Glass, Watermark Detector, Perforation Gauge, Duplicate Book, Transparent Envelopes. The Stamp Finder tells the country a stamp belongs to. FREE GIFT: British Colonial Stamps catalogued at 1/-.

Don't forget to say "KANGAROO" when you order. Your shop can supply, or send to—**THOMAS OLIVER, COLWYN BAY.**

### \* "KANGAROO" PACKET FREE!

This splendid packet is free to the discriminating Stamp Collectors who require quality stamps. Fine Set of 5 Australia, including the scarce 9d. value of the beautiful Kangaroo issue; also large 100/- Argentine, SLESVIG (plastic), stamps from the Orient (SIAM, China, Japan), PHILIPPINES (Boy King), Malaya, RUSSIA (unused), Roumania, SOUDAN, Hyderabad, Ceylon (K.O.). Finally, one of the magnificent "CATACOMB" stamps, depicting King Alfonso and the Pope, and a fine block of 4 guaranteed genuine unused Colonials. Just send 2d. postage and request approvals.

**LISBURN & TOWNSEND, Ltd. (Dept. C.N.), LIVERPOOL.** (COLLECTORS PURCHASED.)

### NEW ISSUE Packet FREE

Ask to see my approvals. Send 1d. postage and receive FREE—Pictorial Gaboon, Andorra and Iceland (large stamps), set of newly issued Canada (including Ottawa), U.S.A. bi-centenary of Washington, Union of S. Africa set, including re-issue of 2d. pictorial Straits & Malay (new colours), Ruanda-Urundi Turkey (new issues), etc. 50 stamps in all. Senders of stamp collectors' addresses receive an extra set. New 72-page list, price 1d.—**H. C. WATKINS (C.N. Dept.), Granville Road, BARNET.**

## Here's POCKET PROTECTION



for your **THROAT**

**WHATEVER** the weather—fog, sleet, rain or snow—let 'Allenburys' Pastilles protect your throat from irritation and roughness. Deliciously flavoured, they keep the mouth and throat sweet and fresh all day long and all through the winter. Try one of the 8d. tins to-day—they slip easily into pocket or handbag.

Take care of your throat—take

# Allenburys

Glycerine & Black Currant **PASTILLES**

From all chemists } 8d. & 1/3d.  
in 2 oz. & 4 oz. tins

Wilkin's

# CREMONA

Family Assortment

TOFFEEES NOUGAT CARAMELS

## Heads that win!

If your hair is tidy you'll always appear cool and calm even in exciting moments. Just a spot or two of Anzora in the morning will keep your hair tidy all day. And there's no grease in Anzora to spoil pillows or hats. If your hair is dry use the Viola. And if you want your head to shine use Anzora Brilliantine. Sold at all Chemists and Hairdressers, the Cream and Viola in 9d., 1/3 and 2/3 bottles, and the Brilliantine in 1/- bottles.

# ANZORA

MASTERS THE HAIR

Anzora Perfumery Co., Ltd., London, N.W.6



## THE BRAN TUB

### The Sisters

A WOMAN was asked "How old is your sister?"

"Two-thirds of her age," was the answer, "is just five-twelfths of mine; and I am nine years older than she."

What was the age of each?

Answer next week

### Not Sure

THE motorist had lost his way, and so he pulled up at a cottage and asked a country man how to get to Slumberville.

"I'd go back about two miles to the cross-roads and take the road to the right," slowly replied the old man. "No, I think I'd go to the left. Now, if I come to think of it, I shouldn't start from here at all if I wanted to go to Slumberville."

### A Lightning Camera

THE belief that lightning never strikes the same place twice has been disproved by American engineers with a high-speed camera. The pictures show that some flashes "bounce" back and forth between the same points of cloud and ground as many as ten times.

The photographs were taken with a camera in which the film is whirled past the lens at a speed of more than a mile a minute.

### A Catch

PUT this problem to a friend. If twelve elephants were standing in single file, all facing the same way, how many of them could say "My trunk is touching another elephant's tail?"

The answer is not eleven, but none. Elephants cannot speak.

### Ici On Parle Français



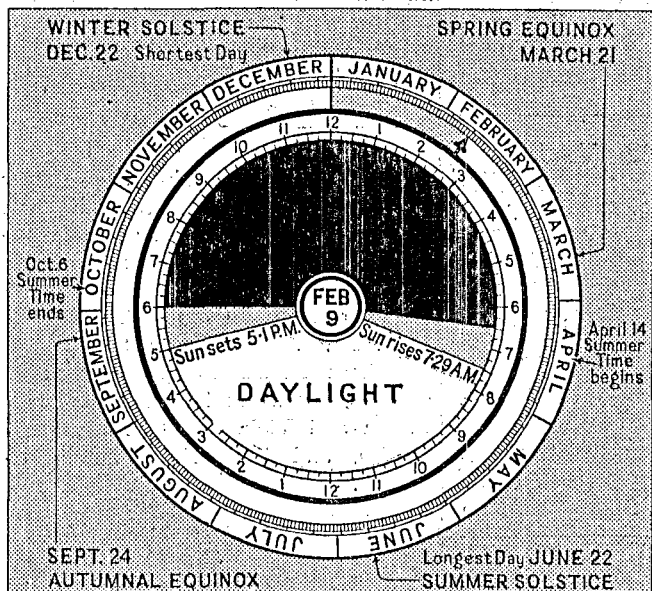
Les fonts Le poisson La fumée  
Font Fish Smoke

Les fonts serviront aux baptêmes. Le pêcheur attrape les poissons. La fumée sort de ces cheminées.

### Pony Express

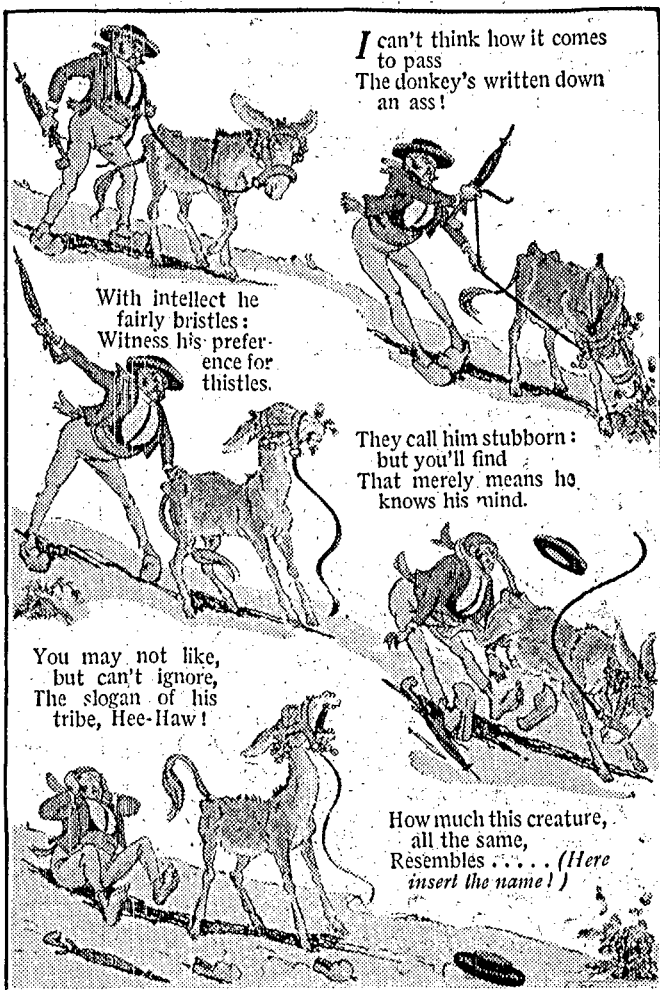
JUST 75 years ago the Pony Express, which used to carry mails in America, was started. The most famous of these services operated between San Francisco and New York. There were 80 of the finest horsemen and 400 hardy mustangs in the service. They worked in relays of 80 to 90 miles each, and covered the trans-continental journey in nine days.

### The C.N. Calendar



THIS calendar shows daylight, twilight, and darkness on February 9. The days are now getting longer. The arrow indicating the date shows at a glance how much of the year has elapsed.

## I Can't Think How It Comes To Pass



### Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planets Venus and Uranus are in the South-West, and Mars is in the East... toward midnight. In the morning Jupiter is in the South-East and Mars is in the South. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 9 p.m. on Wednesday, February 13.

### Too Heavy

SMITH had just returned from a trip abroad and was making a report to one of the firm's directors. Presently Smith's expense-sheet came under review.

"What is this large item?" queried the big man.

"That's my hotel bill, sir," replied Smith.

"Huh! Don't buy any more hotels."

### Mixed Fruit

TAKE coat and rip, and then mix up, One way alone will suit, And you will find that you can make A luscious, well-known fruit.

Answer next week

### He Knew the Symptoms

BILL and Jack were first-year students at the university.

"Did you pass your exam?" asked Bill.

"Well, it was this way," replied Jack. "You see—"

"Shake hands, old fellow. Neither did I."

### Long Enough



MY master says I'm quite a sport Although my legs are rather short. In spite of what he says I've found They're long enough to reach the ground.

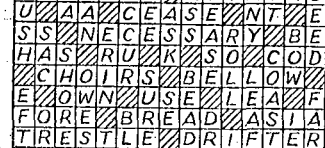
### LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

#### The Mysterious Objects

The Roman numeral XIII. Take away the three Is and X remains; draw a horizontal line through the XIII and the upper half will be VIII.

#### Riddle in Rhyme. Shelley

#### The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle



## Larry and Carrie

IN the dove-cot next door to Godfrey lived Larry and Carrie, the two pigeons.

Although Godfrey didn't know the gentleman next door he was very friendly with Larry and Carrie. When he played in the garden they would fly down for food, and waddle round the lawn quite tamely: it seemed as if they liked having someone to play with.

Then the people next door left and took Larry and Carrie away with them in a basket.

Poor Godfrey could hardly bear to look at the empty dove-cot; he was sad because he had lost his friends.

But one morning he was awakened by a sound he knew. He could hardly believe his ears, and rushed to the window. Yes, there on the ledge of the dove-cot were Larry and Carrie.

"But there isn't anything for them to eat there," Godfrey told his mother; "I must buy a pennyworth of maize and some green stuff."

"I shall have to get Mr Collins's address from the house agents," said Mummy, "and let him know that the pigeons are back. They may be anxious about them."

"Oh dear!" cried Godfrey. "I hope he won't fetch them for a long time!"

But the next day Mr Collins came with a basket and took the birds away.



### The birds were back

It was more than a week later when Godfrey heard the old cooing once more—and there were Larry and Carrie back again! He clapped his hands with delight.

"They want to live here, Mummy," he cried.

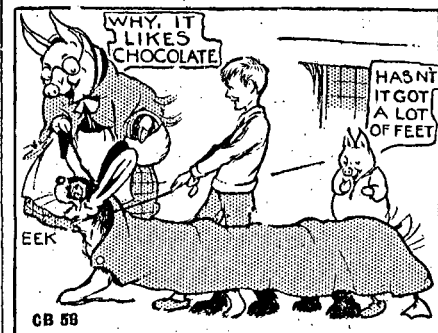
But his mother had to send a card to Mr Collins again. And this time Mr Collins didn't come with the basket; instead there was a letter for Godfrey's mother.

"What do you think of this, Godfrey?" she said. "Mr Collins says he has noticed how fond you are of the pigeons, and as they don't seem to want to leave their old home he will be glad for you to keep them."

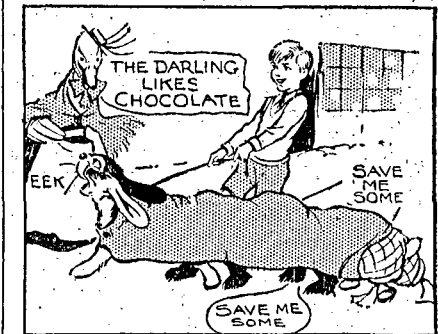
"For my very own!" repeated Godfrey breathlessly. "Oh, I'll write and thank him—but I must go and tell Larry and Carrie first!"

# THE CADBURY COCOCUBS

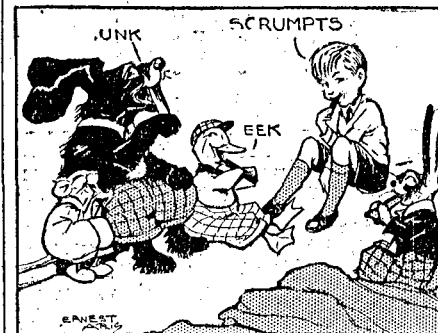
## Jonathan's Queer Rabbit



"Why, Jonathan, what have you got there?" "Oh, it's a very rare rabbit, Mrs. Pie Porker." "Dearyme, what does it like?" "Only chocolate," chuckled Jonathan. "Well, well, well! My word, but it does like chocolate!"



Just then Mrs. Cackle Goose trotted along. "Why, Jonathan, what a queer rabbit! Oh dear! Oh dear! Why, the darling likes milk chocolate! Isn't he just wonderful? And look at his funny feet!"



Then Jonathan's rare rabbit suddenly disappeared. Hey presto, and there sat Willie Mouse, Peter Pum and Dumpty Doo—to say nothing of Whiskers himself—eating chocolate! "Whiskers, you're the cleverest rabbit there ever was!" chuckled Jonathan.

All Boys & Girls  
love  
CADBURYS  
Milk Chocolate